



FEATURE

COMICS

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APRIL



GOSH, LALA- I AIN'T
EVEN **SAFE** FROM **YOU**
IN THE **ARMY!**



No. 43 • 10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HURRY BOYS, GET YOURS!



Bill: Gosh, Slim, it must be great to be voted the most popular boy in school. Bet you'll be in the movies some day.

Slim: Shucks! It's easy to be healthy and popular when you ride a Schwinn bike.



Slim: Look at all these Hollywood stars that ride Schwinn-Built bikes—Buck Jones, Pat O'Brien, Jane Withers, Bing Crosby and lots of others.

Bill: Where did you ever get this swell book of pictures? And all in colors too!



Slim: Aw, that was easy. Just wrote a postal card to Arnold, Schwinn & Co. and asked for their Hollywood Album. Hey, Bill, where you goin'?

Bill: So long, Slim. I'm writing a post card right now. Gonna show this Hollywood Album to dad so he'll get me a Schwinn too.



YOUR favorite movie stars and their Schwinn-Built bicycles—all in glorious colors, in the new Schwinn **HOLLYWOOD ALBUM!** Hurry and get yours—**FREE!** It will help you get that Schwinn-Built bicycle you've been hinting about to dad and mother. You can show them all of the leading Schwinn models in full colors, too—all with a *lifetime guarantee!* Schwinn is the bike that's "tops"—in Hollywood and everywhere—"tops" in style, quality, riding ease, safety features and exclusive accessories. . . . The Hollywood Albums are going fast. So mail the coupon or a postal *now* for your free copy.



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City..... State.....

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The

DOLL MAN

by William Erwin Maxwell



NO TIME FOR PEACE OR ROMANCE
IN THE LIFE OF THE AMAZING LITTLE
MAN OF ACTION... THE DOLL MAN.

SOMETHING HIT
ME! WELL NEVER
MIND THAT... AS
I WAS SAYING,
DARLING...

DARREL DANE AND MARTHA
ROBERTS ARE ENJOYING A
QUIET SPRING EVENING TOGETH-
ER WHEN...

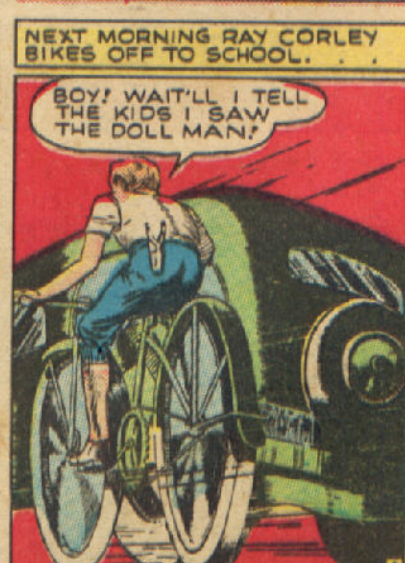
MARTHA
DEAR... I
OUCH!

WHAT
IS-IT,
DARREL?

YES?

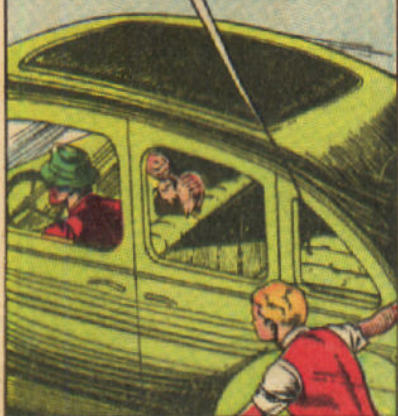
IT'S AN
ACORN!

YOU'RE JUST THE
KIND OF GIRL I'D
LIKE TO
OUCH!

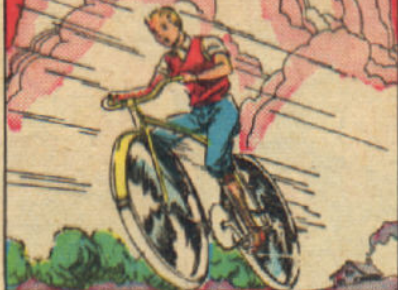


SUDDENLY HE GASPS...

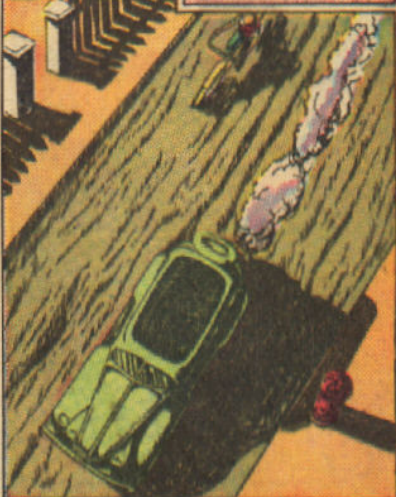
HEY! THOSE GUYS
ARE FIGHTING!



I'D BETTER FOLLOW
THEM... IT LOOKS
LIKE A
KIDNAPPING!



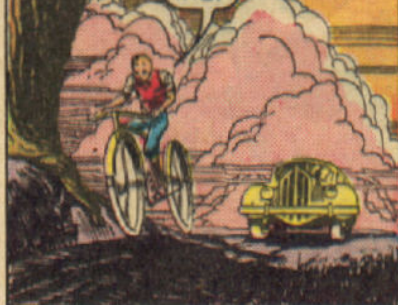
DOWN THE COUNTRY ROAD IN
BREATHLESS EXCITEMENT
SPEEDS RAY.



HE WATCHES THE CAR TURN IN
AT AN OLD DERELICT FARM-
HOUSE.



I'D BETTER
HURRY BACK! OH!
SOMEONE'S
FOLLOWING
ME!



A CAR DRAWS UP BESIDE
HIM.

WHERE DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE GOING? YOU
SHOULD BE IN
SCHOOL!

THE TRUANT
OFFICER!

YES,
SIR!



THAT AFTERNOON IN SCHOOL...

PEST.. TOMMY, WILL YOU
TELL YOUR SISTER
MARTHA'S BOY FRIEND
TO COME HERE AFTER
SCHOOL? I GOTTA
STAY LATE AND IT'S
IMPORTANT!

SURE!



AS RAY STEWS OVER SOME
DIFFICULT PROBLEMS THE
WINDOW SLOWLY RISES...

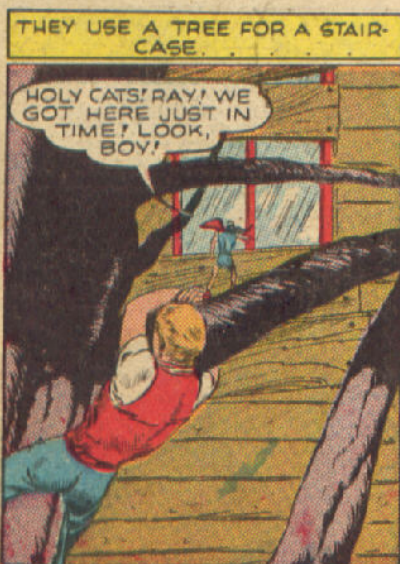
OH GEE! I
HOPE HE COMES.
I CAN'T LEAVE
TILL I GET
THESE DONE
AND I CAN'T
THINK!



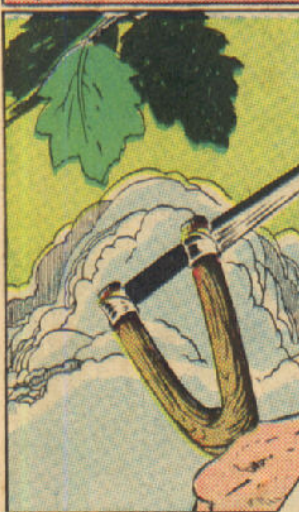
WHAT'S
UP,
RAY?

DOLL MAN! I SAW
SOME GUYS TAKE
A MAN INTO THE
OLD WICKER'S PLACE.
THEY LOOKED LIKE
KILLERS TO ME!
YOU'D BETTER
HURRY OVER
THERE!

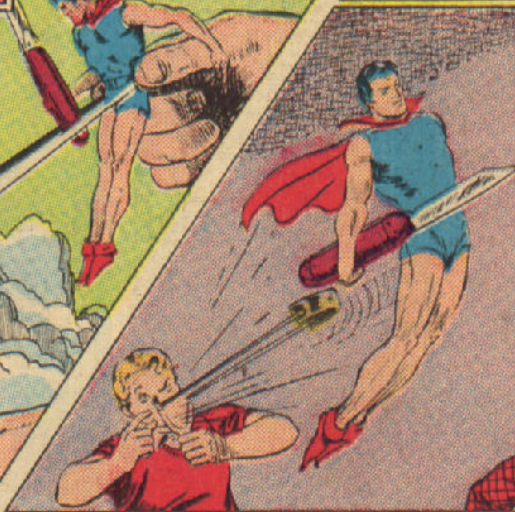




RAY SLIPS THE LITTLE
FIGURE INTO HIS SLING.



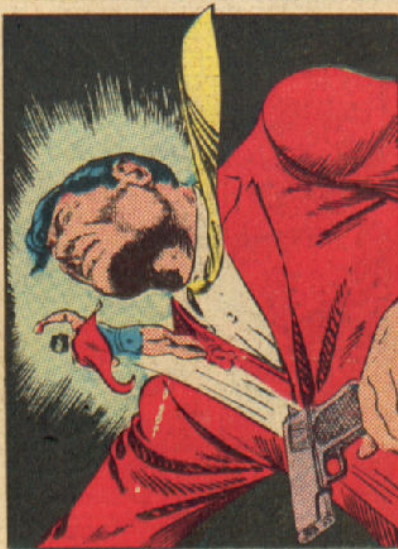
AND OFF HE
SHOOTS.



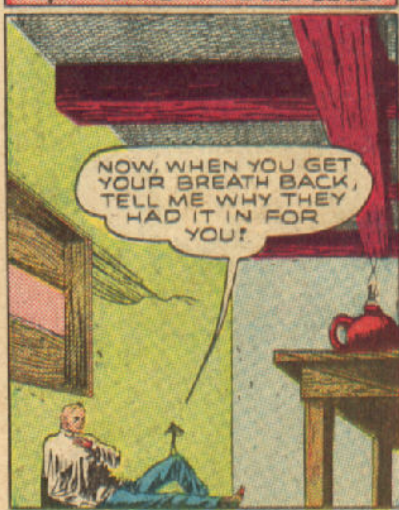
STRAIGHT THROUGH THE
WINDOW TO SLICE THE HANG-
MAN'S ROPE IN TWO.



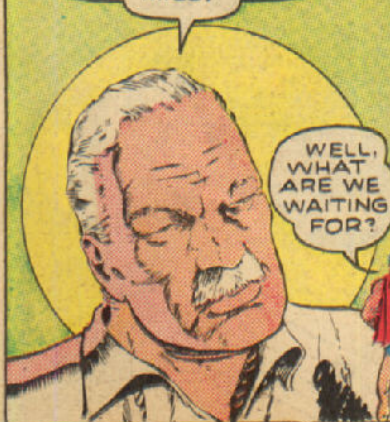
LIKE A LEAPING BULLET, DOLL
MAN ATTACKS THE MURDERERS.
HIS FISTS ARE SMALL AND
EFFECTIVE.



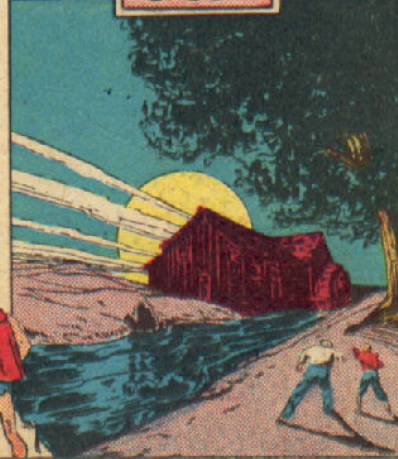
THE TWO MEN ARE OUT COLD.



I WITNESSED THOSE
MEN COMMIT A MURDER.
THAT'S WHY THEY
WANTED TO GET ME.
THERE ARE MORE OF
THEM AT DOBB'S
MILL.



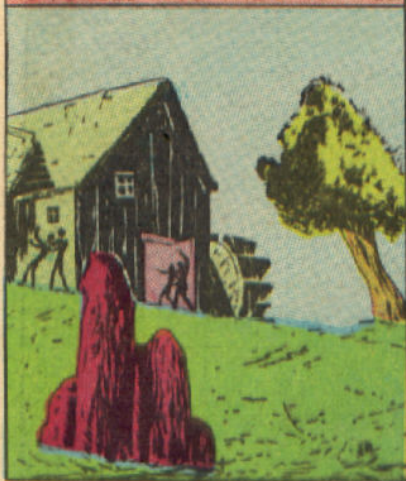
NIGHT FALLS AS THE THREE
REACH THE OLD MILL. THE
RISING MOON FRAMES THE
WEIRD STRUCTURE IN A RIM
OF LIGHT.



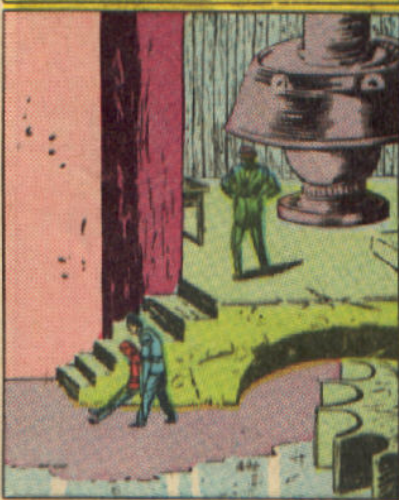
AS RAY EXPLORES THE EERIE
PLACE, A FIGURE CREEPS OUT
OF THE SHADOWS.



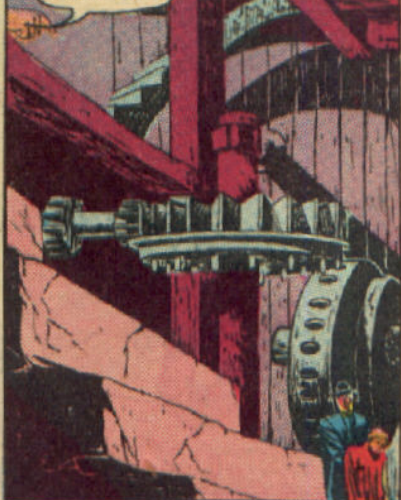
ALONG WITH THE FORMER KIDNAP VICTIM WHO IS ALSO SEPARATED FROM THE DOLL MAN, THE BOY IS FORCED INTO THE DARK MILL.



RAY IS UNCONSCIOUS AS THEY DRAG HIM IN. THE PLACE IS MUSTY FROM DISUSE



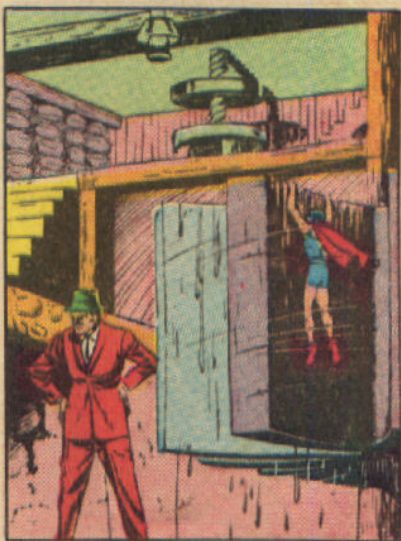
'TIE 'EM UP! LATER WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN MAKE FLOUR FROM 'EM!



BUT THE DOLL MAN APPEARS...



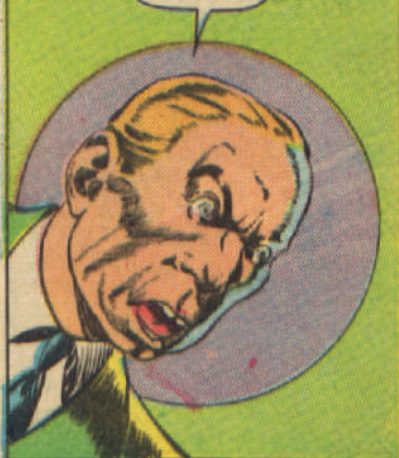
AND FINDS A CRACK THROUGH WHICH TO ENTER.



I'M WHAT YOU'D CALL GRIST IN THE MILL, AND WILL I GUM UP THE WORKS?



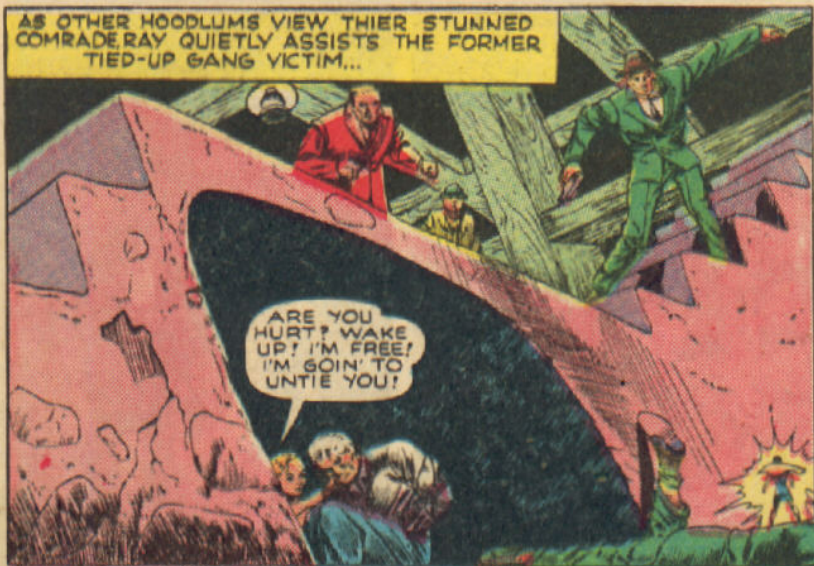
HALP! I'M DELIRIOUS! I THOUGHT I SAW A LITTLE MAN COME OUT OF THE WHEEL, AND...



THE CROOK IS NO LONGER DELIRIOUS.. HE'S OUT...



AS OTHER HOODLUMS VIEW THIER STUNNED COMRADE RAY QUIETLY ASSISTS THE FORMER TIED-UP GANG VICTIM...



ARE YOU HURT? WAKE UP! I'M FREE! I'M GOIN' TO UNTIE YOU!

NOBODY KNOWS WHERE THE JAW BREAKING BLOWS COME FROM.



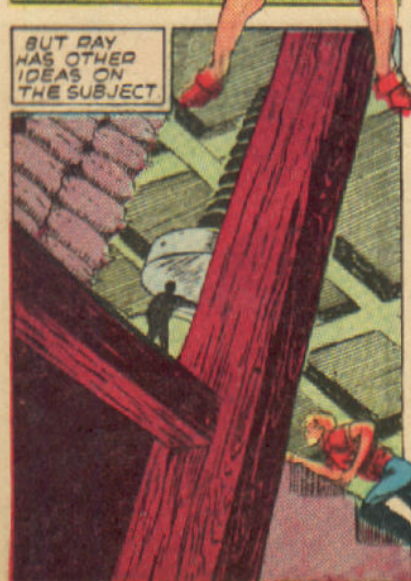
AHA! I GOT'CHA, LITTLE MAN.. AND YOUR GOOD DEEDS ARE DONE FOR!

LIKE A BUSY MOSQUITO THE DOLL MAN FLIES THROUGH THE AIR.. HE PAUSES FOR BREATH, BUT..



COME ON, LET'S PUT HIM BETWEEN DE MILL-STONES AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS! DIS IS GONNA BE SOME FUN!

BUT RAY HAS OTHER IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT

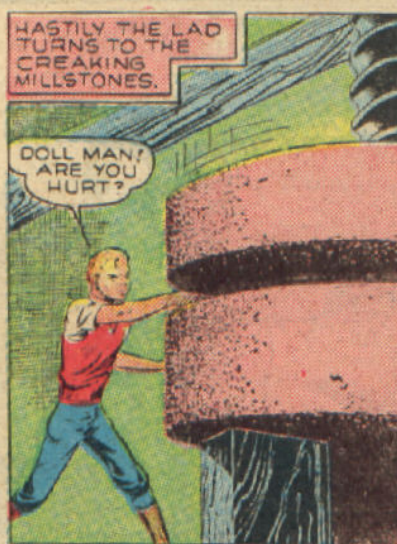


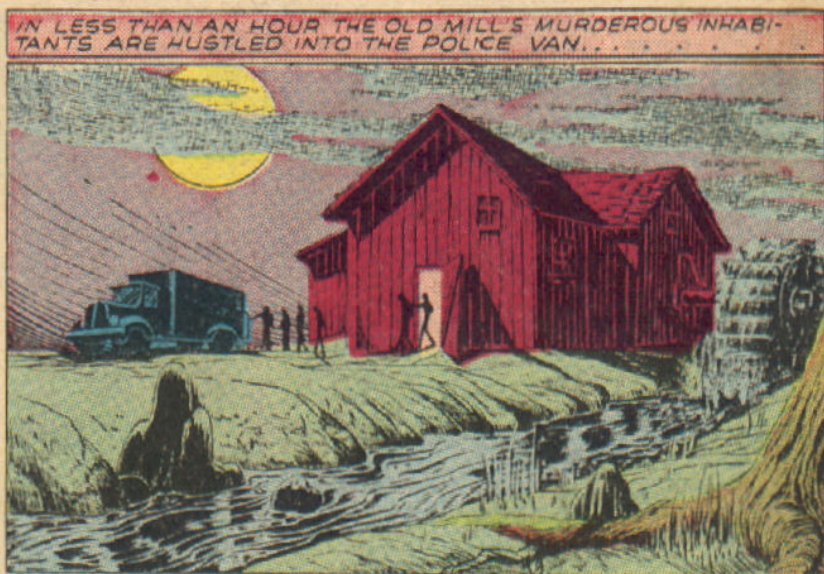
OH! I GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!

GO ON, SEE WHAT KIND OF FLOUR HE'LL BE!



THESE OLD FLOUR SACKS.. GEE! THEY'RE HEAVY!

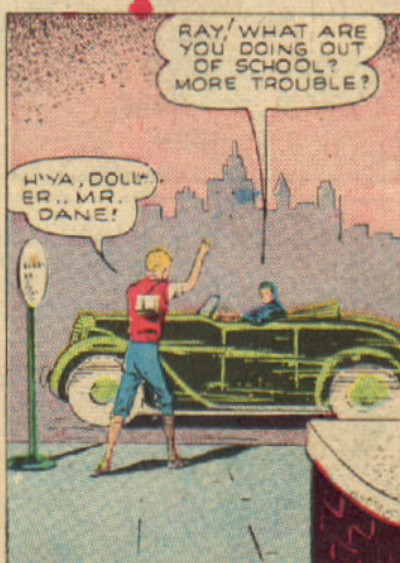
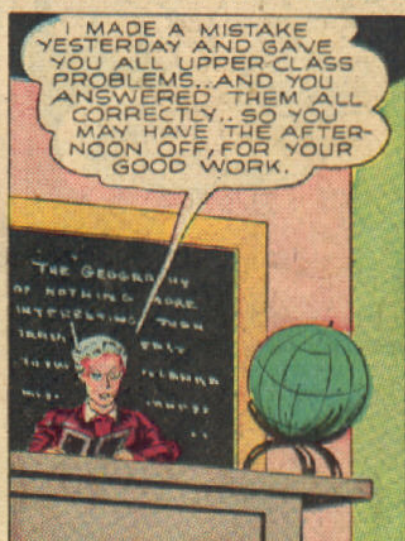
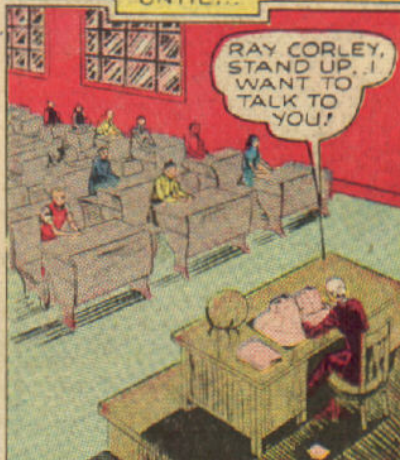




WHEN ALL ARE GONE, THE DOLL MAN COMES OUT AND RETURNS TO HIS NORMAL SIZE.

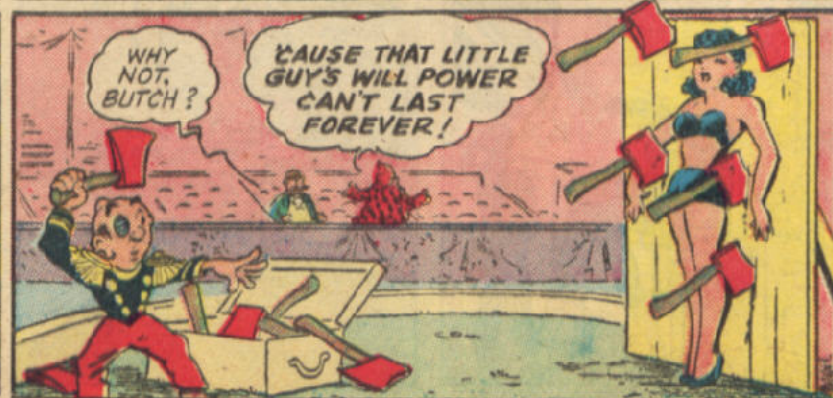
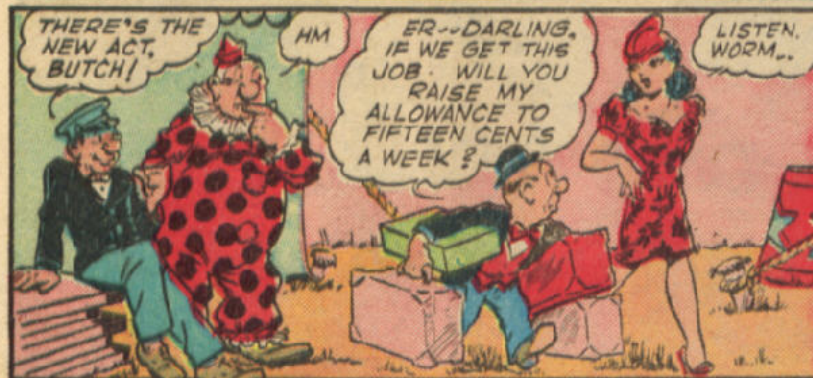


NEXT DAY RAY IS BACK IN SCHOOL, STILL DREAMING OF HIS RECENT ADVENTURES... UNTIL...



Follow The Doll Man each and every month in FEATURE COMICS.

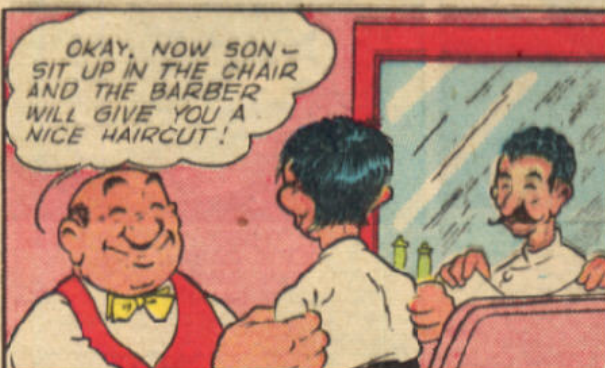
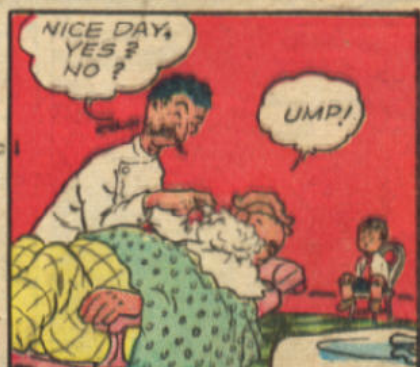
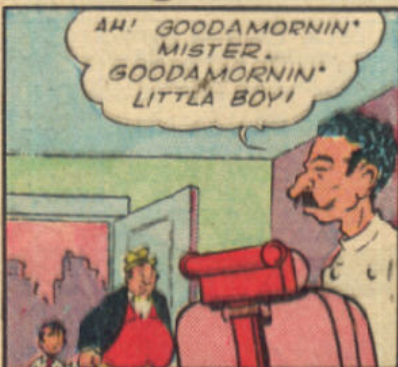
BIG TOP



BIG TOP

...AND GET A SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT BEFORE OUR DATE, BUTCH!

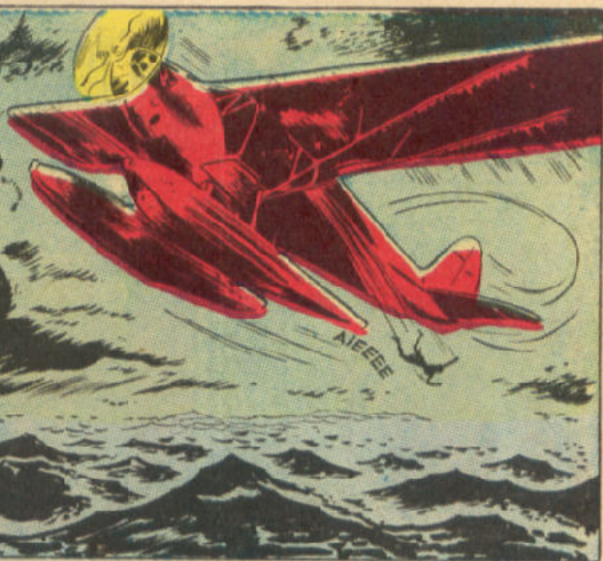
OH - SURE, SONIA!



RANCE KEANE

BLACK TWISTING CLOUDS AND A RAVING WIND HOUND THE SCHOONER WHITE WING ON HER RUN HOME...WHILE RANCE KEANE AND HIS FRIENDS PEEWEE LEE AND HARVEY TOPPING ARE SNUG AND SAFE ABOARD THEIR STOUT SHIP, A STRANGE, ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE HUMAN DRAMA COMES TO A STUNNING CONCLUSION IN THE TORMENTED AIR ABOVE THEM.....!

WILL ARTHUR



THERE'S A SCHOONER BELOW! THEY MAY PICK HER UP!

IT'D BE SUICIDE TO LAND NOW! WE'LL HAVE TO COME BACK, AH-RAH-AM-ID!



ON DECK OF THE EXPEDITION SHIP WHITE WING, RANCE KEANE IS JUST RELIEVING PEEWEE WHO HAS BEEN ON WATCH.....

I'LL BE A THREE-HORNED COW, RANCE, IF THERE AIN'T A MERMAID SLOSHING AROUND!

WHAT!



ALL HANDS ON DECK, RANCE HAS GONE AND DOVE OVERBOARD AFTER A MERMAID!



MINUTES AFTERWARD....

I THINK WE GOT HER IN TIME, HARVEY!

BOY, YOU SURE THINK QUICKLY, RANCE!



ABOUT THREE HOURS LATER IN RANCE'S CABIN, THE BEAUTIFUL MYSTERIOUS STRANGER SNAPS OUT OF IT... MUCH TO RANCE'S EMBARRASSMENT.....

MY PRINCE! I KNEW YOUR LOVE WOULD BRING YOU TO ME IN MY HOUR OF NEED!

BLUB! TWULP! NOW LOOK, LADY... ULP!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE STORM LETS UP...





YOU KNOW, SHEBA, I DON'T TRUST THAT GENT SOMEHOW. THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY ABOUT HIM...

SILENCE, SLAVE!... IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER! I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE....

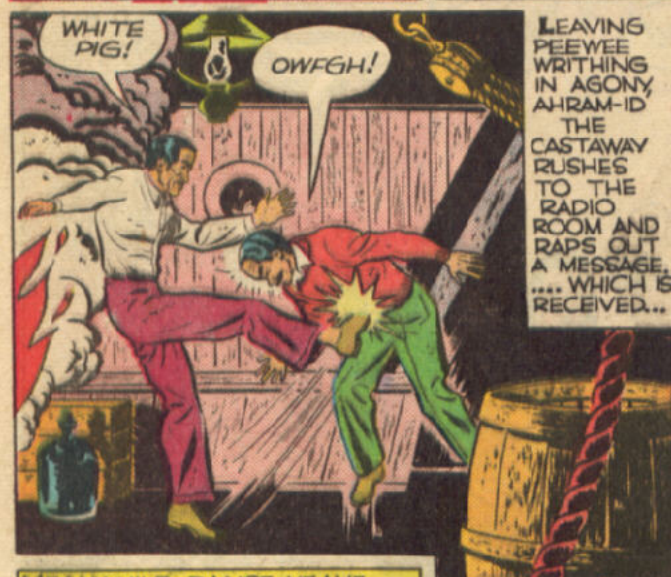
RANCE MAKES THE SECOND CASTAWAY COMFORTABLE IN A BUNK AND LEAVES HIM... ONLY MINUTES LATER....

I THOUGHT THAT HAIRPIN WAS SO FEEBLE HE COULDN'T WIGGLE!

THIS LITTLE BLAZE WILL DISTRACT THEM WHILE I GO AFTER THE PRINCESS!



WHY YOU ARSONICAL MANIAC, YOU'LL BURN THE BOTTOM OUT AND DROWN US IF YOU....



WHITE PIG!

OWFGH!

LEAVING PEEWEE WRITHING IN AGONY, AH-AM-ID THE CASTAWAY RUSHES TO THE RADIO ROOM AND RAPS OUT A MESSAGE... WHICH IS RECEIVED...



AH-AM-ID SAYS PRINCESS BUTAYANAH IS ABOARD THAT SCHOONER! WE RETURN NOW!



OF COURSE! THAT SNEAKY CUSTOMER WAS AFTER THE GIRL! I MIGHT'VE KNOWN....



I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK I'M BEING INHOSPITABLE!



WOOP! SORRY YOU HAD TO GET IT TOO, SISTER, BUT IT COULDN'T BE HELPED.... COME TO THINK OF IT, IT MAY KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO YOU!



FIRE! FIRE! RANCE... THE WHOLE CARGO HOLD'S ALL ON FIRE!

YELLING FOR HARVEY TOPPING TO SEND OUT AN SOS, RANCE SPRINTS FOR THE WHALING GUN MOUNTED ON THE WHITE WING'S FOREDECK....



GET THAT DECK HACKED THROUGH JUST ENOUGH SO I CAN TILT THIS BABY UP!

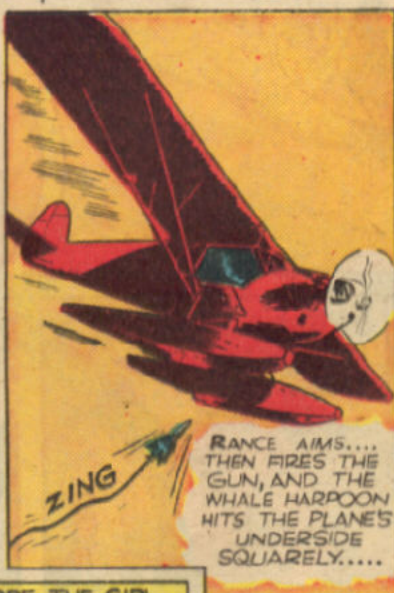


WE'RE SAVED, RANCE! LOOK... A PLANE!



BUT THE MEN IN THE PLANE SEEING AHAM-ID LYING APPARENTLY DEAD ON THE DECK, OPEN UP WITH A MACHINE GUN!!

JUMPIN' JUDAS, RANCE! THOSE FIENDS WILL GUN US TO DEATH IF WE PUT OVER A BOAT! AND WE DIE IN FLAMES IF WE DON'T!



ZING

RANCE AIMS... THEN FIRES THE GUN, AND THE WHALE HARPOON HITS THE PLANE'S UNDERSIDE SQUARELY....



LOWER THE LIFEBOAT!

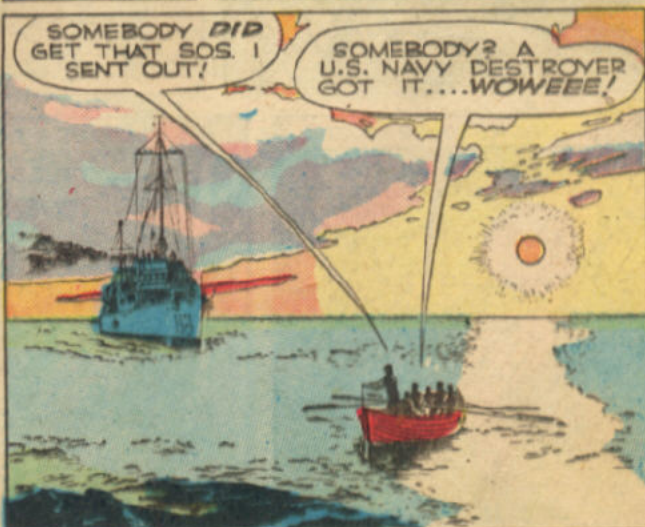
CRASH

IT'S THE NEXT MORNING BEFORE THE GIRL RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW SHE GOT WHEN RANCE KONKED AHAM-ID, IT RESTORES HER MEMORY....

I AM PRINCESS BUTAYANAH OF GADAVARI IN INDIA. THE MAN AHAM-ID KIDNAPPED ME FOR RANSOM. I WORKED FREE OF MY BONDS IN THE PLANE... FOUGHT THEM... AND THE REST YOU KNOW.

I'LL SAY WE DO!

LOOK....! LOOK, RANCE!

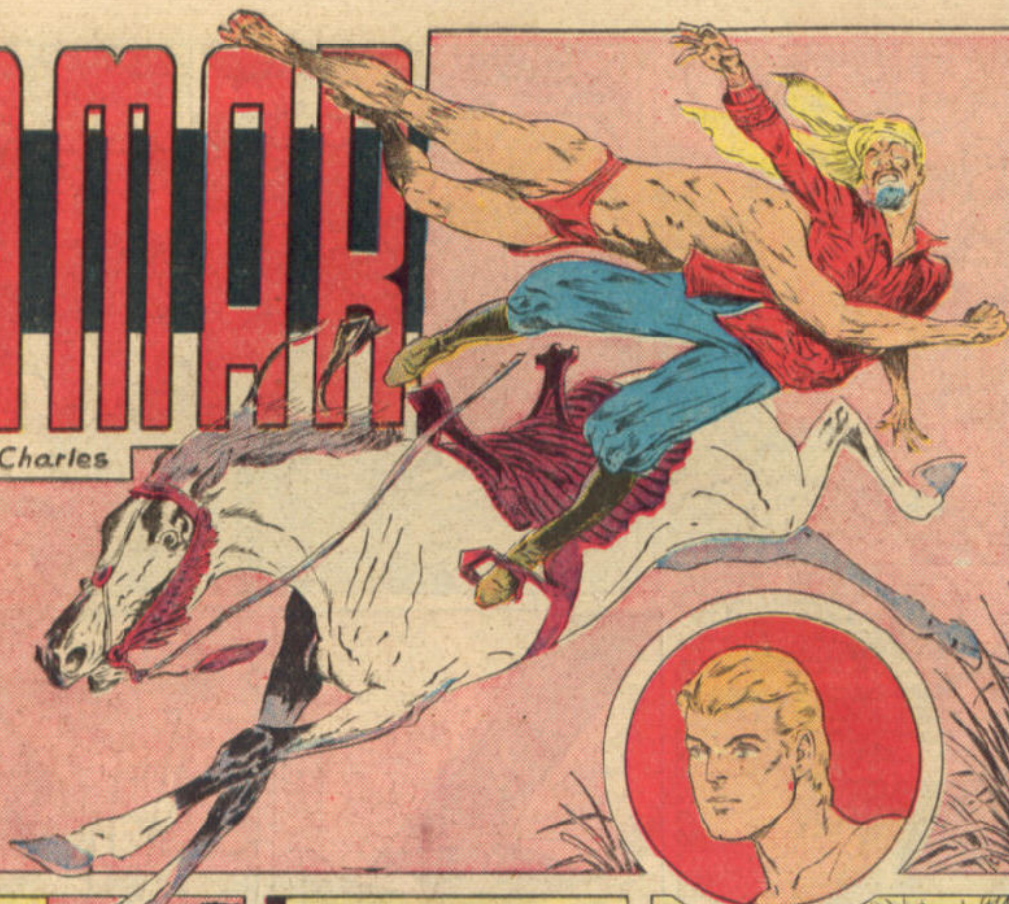


SOMEBODY DID GET THAT SOS. I SENT OUT!

SOMEBODY? A U.S. NAVY DESTROYER GOT IT....WOWEEE!

SAMAR

By John Charles



A QUIET JUNGLE EVENING FINDS SAMAR STROLLING ALONE. SUDDENLY A LEAN HUNGRY PANTHER STALKS ACROSS HIS PATH.



SAMAR STANDS HIS GROUND, WEAPONLESS AND UNAFRAID. HE GAZES FIXEDLY INTO THE BEAST'S CRUEL EYES. . . .



HYPNOTIZED, THE CAT SLINKS BACK INTO THE BRUSH.

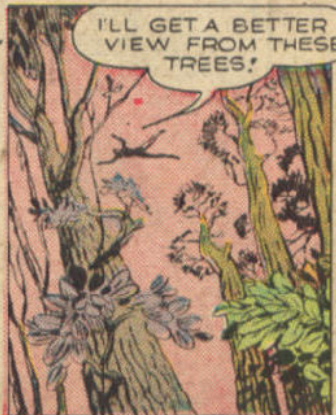


A SHORT WHILE LATER...

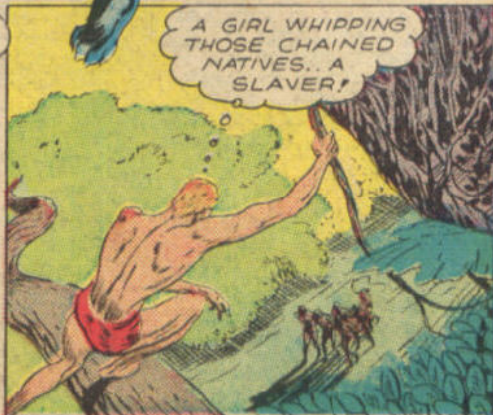
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



I'LL GET A BETTER VIEW FROM THESE TREES!



A GIRL WHIPPING THOSE CHAINED NATIVES... A SLAVER!



CRUELLY, WITH WHIP
AND BITING WORDS
SHE FORCES HER
CAPTIVES ON....



AND THE BEATEN MEN MAKE NO
EFFORT TO RESIST.. SAMAR
FOLLOWS THE STRANGE PROCESSION.



THEY ENTER A SMALL
KRAAL.



INSIDE.

BUT, ALINA..
ALL RIGHT, I
CAN'T ARGUE
WITH YOU!

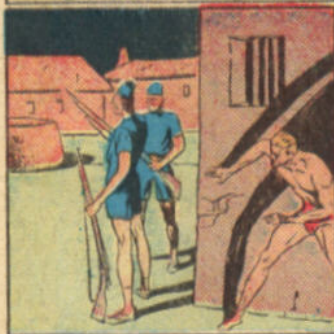
DON'T TRY TO BEAT
DOWN MY PRICE, HAJI.
FOR THE BEST
SLAVES IN AFRICA
YOU CAN PAY MORE
THAN THAT!



MY, HAJI, WHOSE CARAVAN
DID YOU STEAL THESE FROM?
I SHOULD HAVE ASKED
FOR MORE!



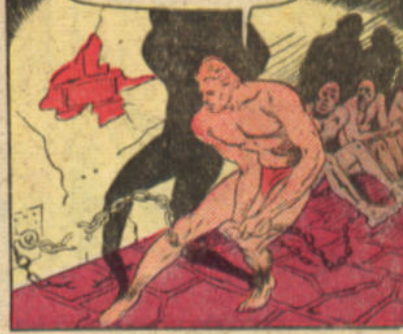
SAMAR WAITS UNTIL NIGHT-
FALL. THEN HE NEARS THE
CAPTIVES' PRISON..



THIS IS THE ONLY WAY
TO KEEP YOU
QUIET!



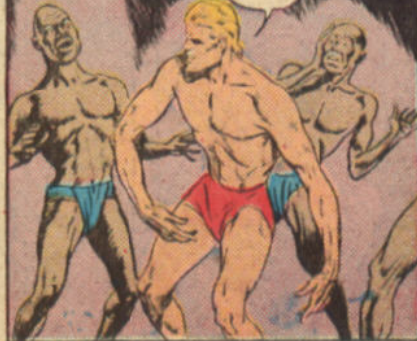
HERE, YOU MEN ARE
FREE.. NOW TELL ME
ALL ABOUT IT!



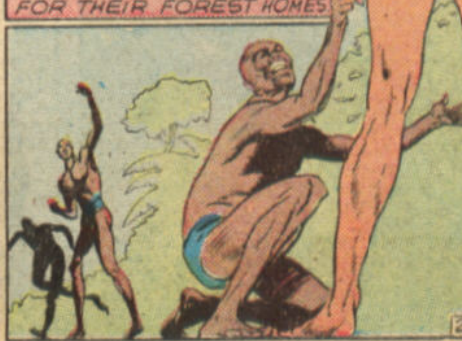
BUT THE MUTE NATIVES
OFFER ONLY A BLANK
STARE..



HYPNOTIZED, EH? I'LL
GET YOU OUT OF
IT!

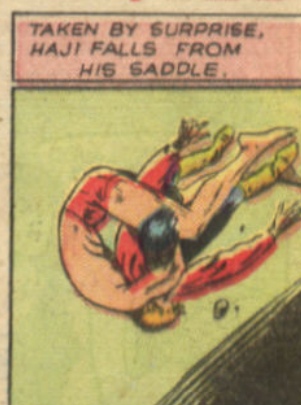
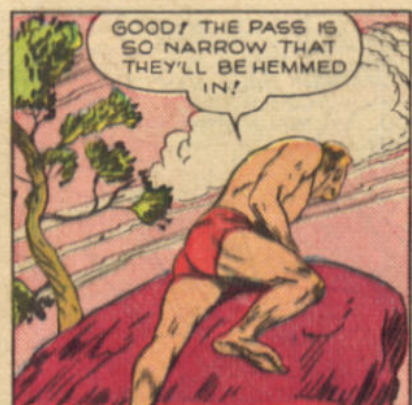


FREE FROM THE TRANCE,
THEY THANK HIM PROFUSE-
LY BEFORE THEY RACE
FOR THEIR FOREST HOMES.





A FEW HOURS LATER THEY PAUSE TO REST.



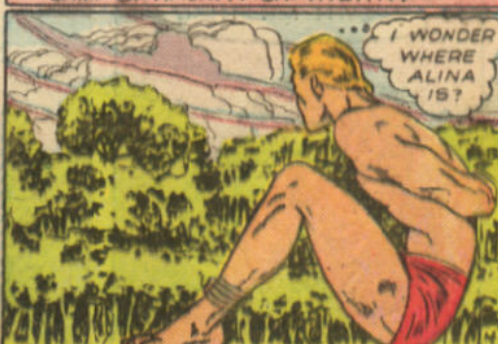
HIS LOUD CRIES PUNCTUATED
BY SAMAR'S BLOWS ATTRACT
HIS MEN.



WHO COME TO HIS AID, EVIL
GLINTS IN THEIR EYES...
DEADLY WEAPONS IN THEIR
HANDS.



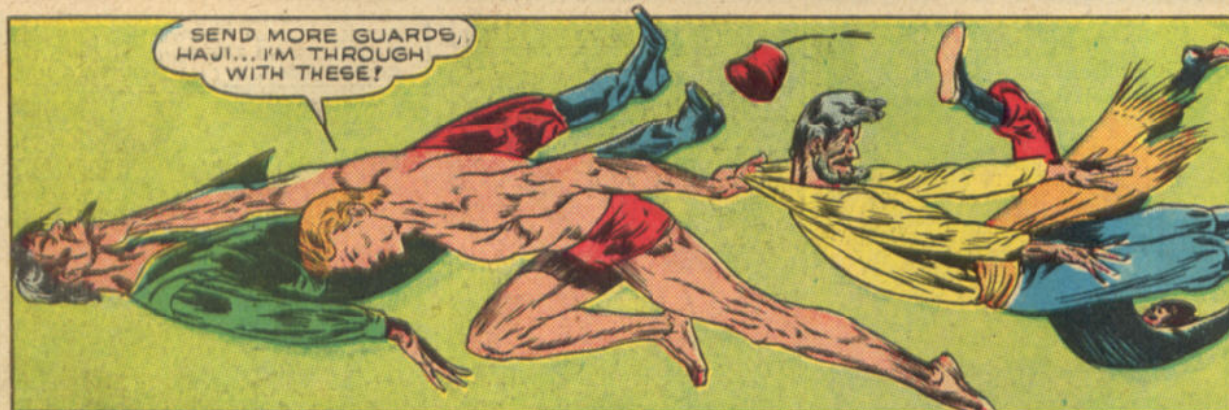
THEIR SUPERIOR NUMBERS TRIUMPH. THAT
NIGHT SAMAR SITS ALONE OUTSIDE THE
CAMP OF HAJI... A CAPTIVE....



BUT ALINA, STILL UNDER SAMAR'S HYPNOTIC POWER, COMES TO HIS AID.



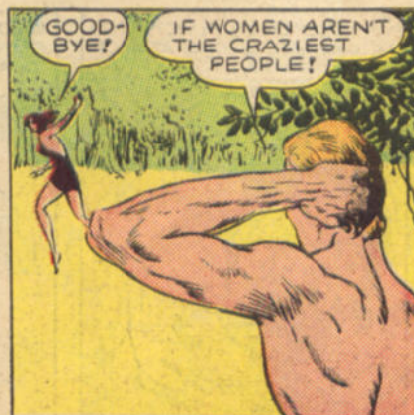
BUT HAJI HAS SEEN THIS PROCEDURE



THE FREED SLAVES OVERWHELM ALINA WITH THEIR GRATITUDE.. IN HER TRANCE SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.



INSTANTLY SHE RETURNS TO NORMAL.

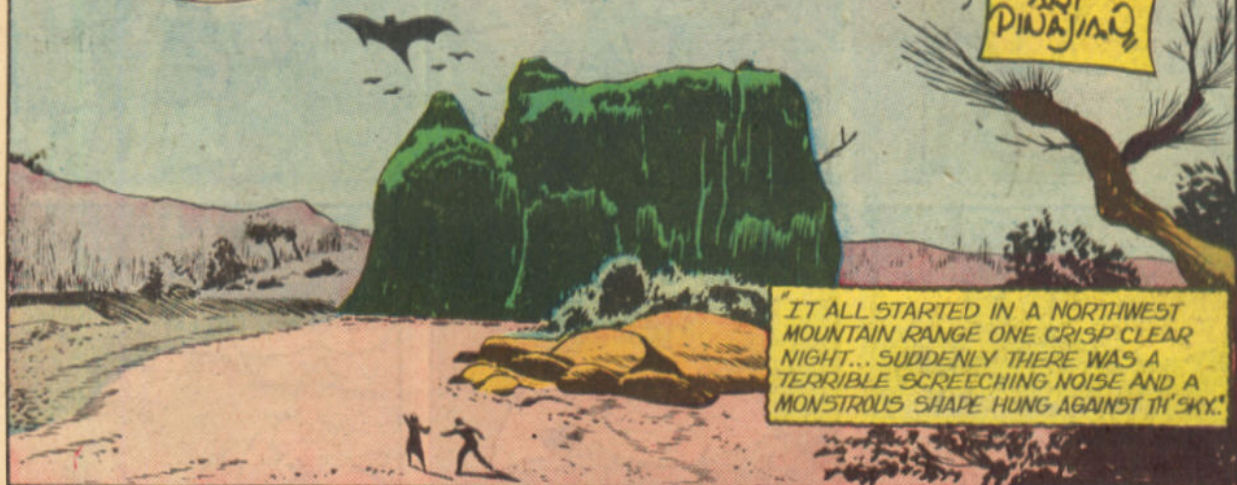


HELLO FOLKS.
I'M THE OLD TIMER,
AND WITH YOU AGAIN... I
PROMISED TO TELL YOU
TH STORY OF SERGEANT
REYNOLDS
AND THE
BLACK BAT...
SO



REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

ART
PINAJIA



IT ALL STARTED IN A NORTHWEST
MOUNTAIN RANGE ONE CRISP CLEAR
NIGHT... SUDDENLY THERE WAS A
TERRIBLE SCREECHING NOISE AND A
MONSTROUS SHAPE HUNG AGAINST TH' SKY.

MARIE--LOOK!
IT'S THE BLACK
BAT--THE
LEGEND'S
COME
TRUE!!

WHAT
LEGEND,
JEAN?



THAT GREAT ROCK CAVE IS THE
HOME OF THE BLACK BAT... IT'S
SAID THAT SOME DAY THEIR
GIANT KING WILL COME TO
DRIVE PEOPLE FROM
THEIR HOMES!

OH-H-H...



THE BLACK BAT SOARED
FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP...



THEN IT DISAPPEARED INTO A
DARK CREVICE.....



THE TERRIFIED WATCHERS RAN
FOR THEIR RANCHHOUSE.....

I MUST TELL
THE MOUNTED
POLICE AT
ONCE!!



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT SHE DID.....
DAYS LATER SERGEANT REYNOLDS
AND I ARRIVED IN THE HILLS.....





"IN THE DARKNESS THEY FOUGHT LIKE TIGERS...REYNOLDS WAS GETTING THE BEST OF IT..."



"SUDDENLY THERE WAS A CRASHING BLOW FROM BEHIND, AND ALL WENT BLACK FOR THE SERGEANT..."



"THE BLACK BAT PICKED UP THE LIMP FIGURE AND CARRIED IT DEEP INTO THE CAVERN..."



"BACK IN THE CABIN I WAS TALKING TO MARIE..."



"THEN I SAW SOMETHING BACK OF THE FIREPLACE..."



"WE SLIPPED THROUGH THE SECRET PANEL AND WALKED DOWN A LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS..."



"WE MOVED ALONG SLOWLY...SUDDENLY SEVERAL LARGE BATS CAME OUT OF THE DARKNESS..."



"THE TORCH WENT OUT....I HEARD FOOTSTEPS... THEN A CRY FROM MARIE"



"I STOOD HELPLESS IN THE DARK AS THE BLACK BAT MADE OFF WITH MARIE..."



"MEANWHILE REYNOLDS CAME TO...
SOMEONE HAD BEEN SHAKING HIM..."



A MAN? HAHAHAHA!
YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING—
THE BLACK BAT IS REAL—NOW'S YOUR
CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

NONSENSE. I'VE GOT TO GET HIM--



"SUDDENLY THE BLACK BAT CAME
OUT OF THE DARKNESS CARRYING
MARIE..."



STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MOUNTIE—
I'VE GOT YOU COVERED WITH
YOUR OWN GUN....
NICE WORK, JEAN!

SO! THAT'S WHY YOU
TRIED TO MAKE ME LEAVE,
EH MADAME DUPRE...YOU AND
YOUR SON ARE BEHIND THIS!



YES--WE FOUND BITS OF
RADIUM ORE ON MARIE'S
PROPERTY...WE THOUGHT THE
BLACK BAT IDEA WOULD
FRIGHTEN HER AND SHE'D
SELL IT CHEAP--BUT
THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT
THAT WAY...



NOW BOTH OF YOU KNOW
TOO MUCH... THE SWIFT
CURRENT OF THIS
STREAM WILL DISPOSE
OF BOTH OF YOU
WITHOUT LEAVING A
TRACE...THROW HER
IN, JEAN!



"AT THIS MOMENT I LUCKILY
CAME UPON THE SCENE....I
HAD TO ACT QUICKLY....."



"MY THROWN ROCK CAUGHT THE
OLD LADY ON THE FOREHEAD...
SHE TOPPLED OVER..."



"CRIES OF AGONY WERE HEARD AS
THE STRONG CURRENT CARRIED
HER AWAY..."



"REYNOLDS LEAPED AT THE BLACK BAT BUT THE FIEND ACTED A SECOND SOONER..."



"THEN HE RAN OFF WITH MARIE..."



"WE FOLLOWED THE BLACK BAT THROUGH THE WINDING CAVE..."



"THE CHASE WAS TOO FAST FOR ME SO I HAD TO DROP BEHIND BUT REYNOLDS GAINED AS THEY CAME TO AN OPENING..."



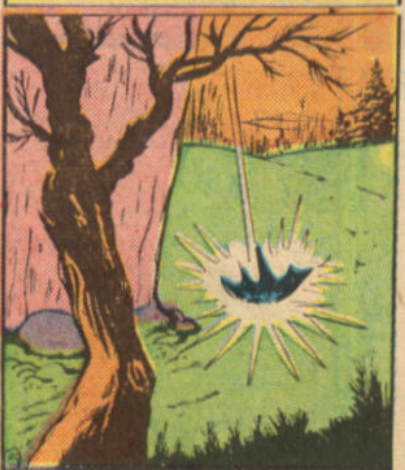
"AS THEY CAME OUT ON THE LEDGE THE SERGEANT CAUGHT UP TO HIS QUARRY..."



"AS HE DROPPED MARIE, THE BLACK BAT LEAPED OUT INTO SPACE..."



"BUT HE WAS WRONG - THE HEIGHT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM... AND HE COULDN'T CONTROL HIS WINGS."



"LATER..."

"THAT'S THE END OF THE BLACK BAT --- COME ON, OLD TIMER... YOU'RE AN OLD PROSPECTOR - LET'S FIND OUT ABOUT THAT RADIUM ORE!!"



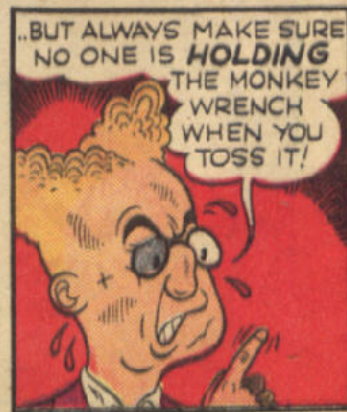
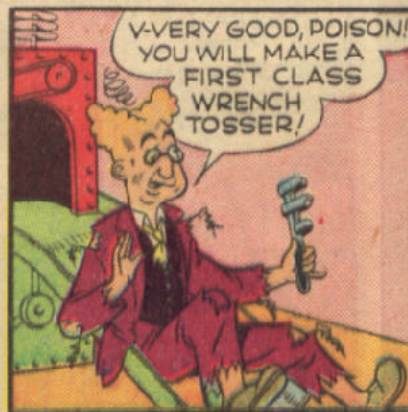
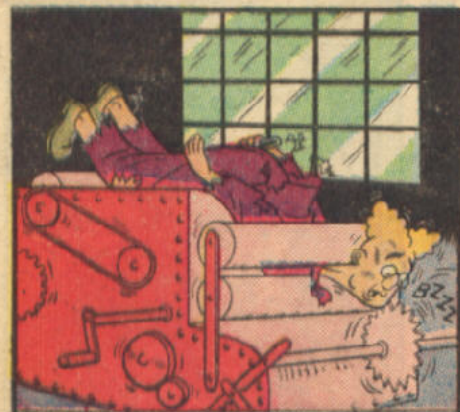
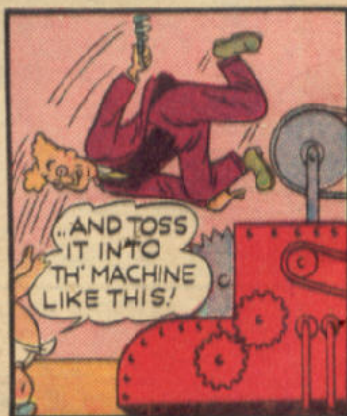
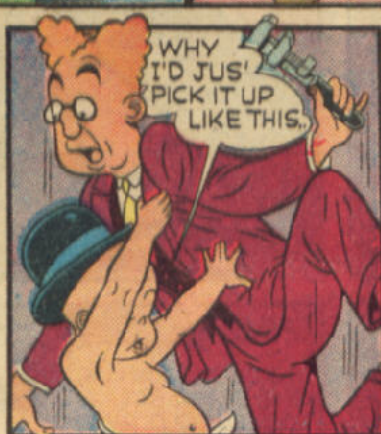
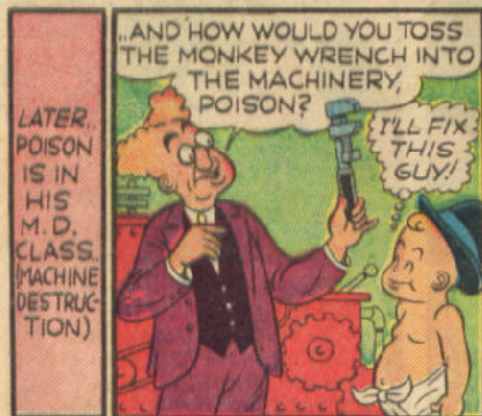
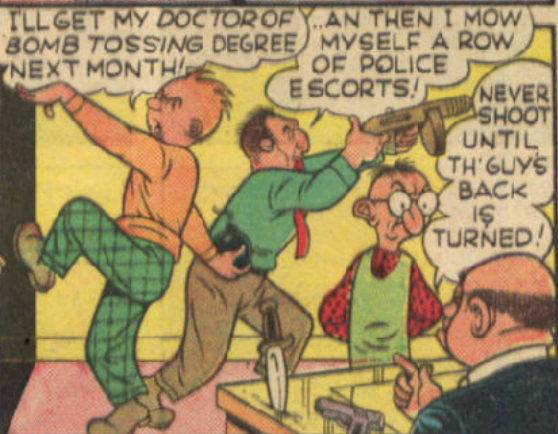
"AND IT WAS RADIUM ORE!! IT SURE CAME IN HANDY FOR HOSPITALS... AND IT TOOK THE BLACK BAT TO LEAD US TO IT!"

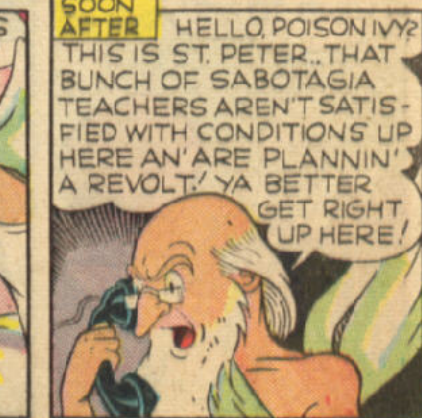
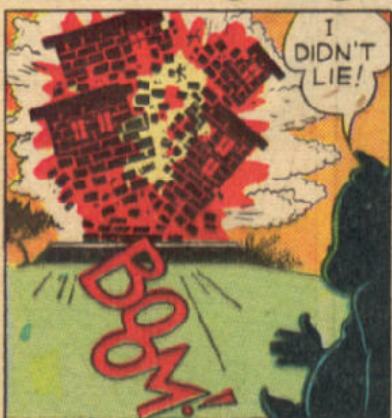
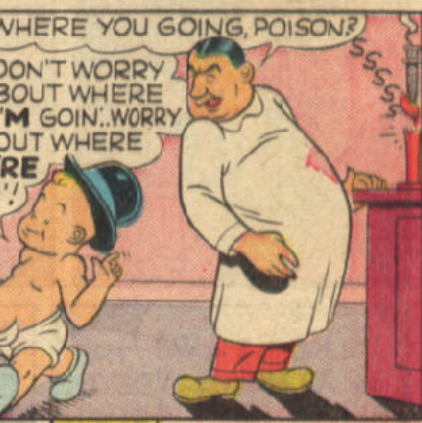
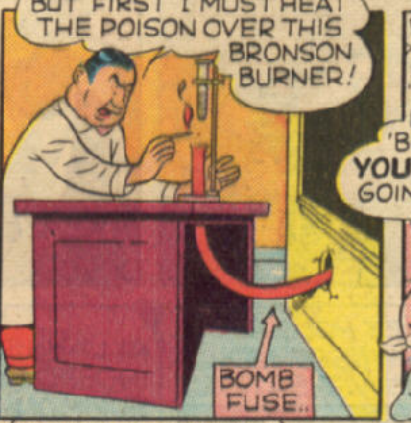
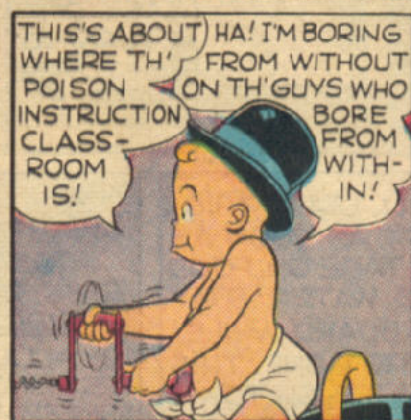
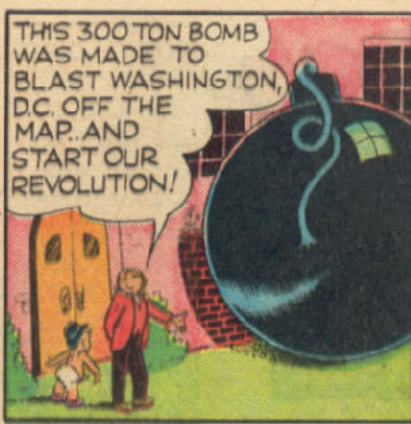


POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY
MITE

BY GILL FOX





DUSTY DANE

DUSTY DANE AND MIKE CARDIGAN RESCUE AN ARABIAN PRINCESS, AHMEER, FROM A SLAVE TRADER.. THEY ARE NOW FACED WITH THE PERILOUS TASK OF RETURNING HER TO HER PEOPLE!

TWO WEEKS LATER THEY DROP ANCHOR IN TURABA..



A STRANGE CROWD WATCHES THE NEW ARRIVALS..



WE'LL LEAVE THIS PORT AS SOON AS WE TAKE ON FOOD AND WATER! STAY ON BOARD WHILE WE'RE GONE.. THIS IS A TOUGH TOWN!

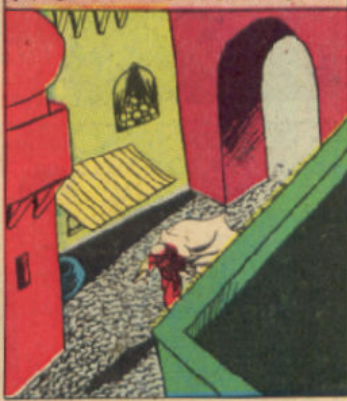


A SWARTHY ARAB EYES THE GIRL..

BY ALLAH! IT'S PRINCESS AHMEER!



THE ARAB MAKES HIS WAY THRU THE NARROW ALLEYS OF TURABA AND ENTERS A SMALL DARK HUT...



JALNOR! I HAVE THE GOOD NEWS.. ALLAH IS KIND TO US!

THE DETAILS QUICK!



THEY HOLD A WHISPERED CONVERSATION..



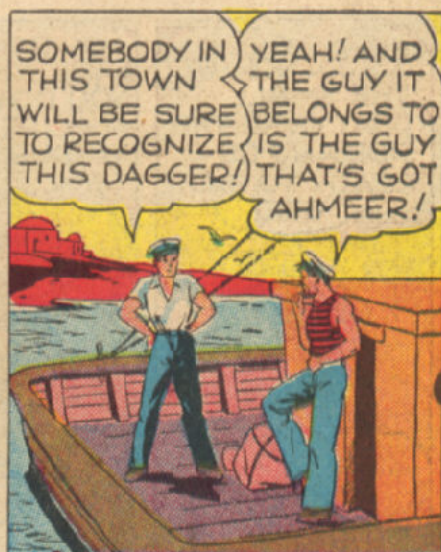
ALLAH IS INDEED KIND! SUMMON MY MEN! HURRY!



LATER.. LADEN WITH PROVISIONS, DUSTY AND MIKE RETURN TO THEIR SHIP.



MIKE! THE GIRL. SHE'S GONE!







CURSE YOU INFIDELS!! WHY DO YOU COME HERE?



WHEN YOU SNATCHED AHMEER FROM OUR BOAT, YOU FORGOT SOMETHING!



AS JALNOR GRABS FOR A GUN, DUSTY HURLS THE DAGGER.. PINNING HIS ARM TO THE MAST!

..AND HERE IT IS!



THE CREW CHARGES

SLAY THE WESTERN DOGS!



BUT THE SWARTHY MEN CAN'T TAKE DUSTY'S HARD DRIVES...

DON'T STOP TILL TH' NOON WHISTLE BLOWS, MIKE.. HA-HA!



AND MIKE BESTOWS NO GOOD ON THE THUGS' CHINS

THESE GUYS ONLY LOOK BAD!



JALNOR LEAPS AT DUSTY.. HIS KNIFE DESCENDS IN A VICIOUS, SHINING ARC...

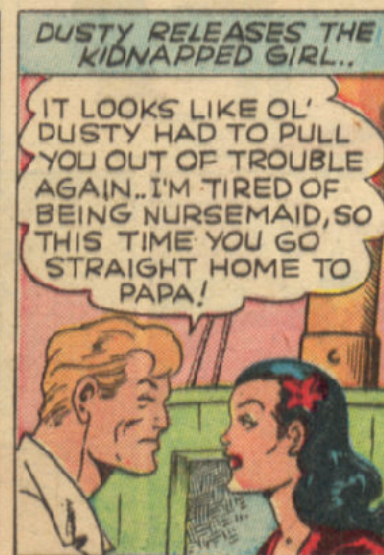
IF YOU WERE REACHING FOR MEAT AND POTATOES WITH THAT KNIFE, YOU'RE SO SLOW YOU'D STARVE TO DEATH!



AAAAAA!

OOF!

YOU LOSE!



DUSTY RELEASES THE KIDNAPPED GIRL..

IT LOOKS LIKE OL' DUSTY HAD TO PULL YOU OUT OF TROUBLE AGAIN.. I'M TIRED OF BEING NURSEMAID, SO THIS TIME YOU GO STRAIGHT HOME TO PAPA!

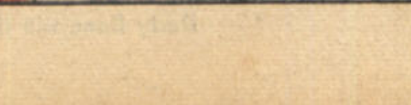
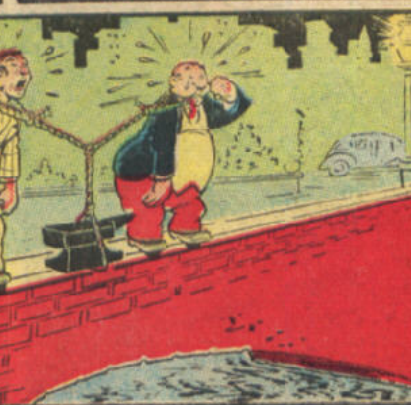
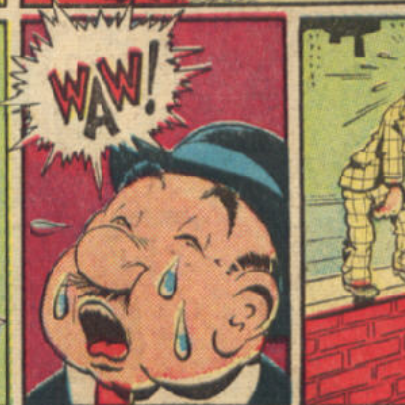
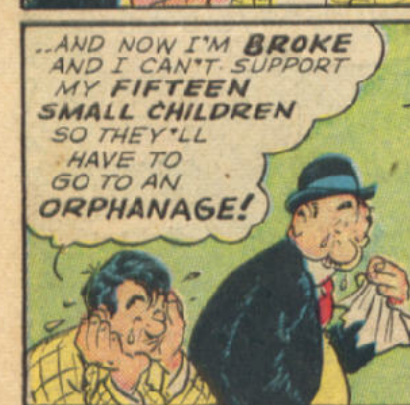
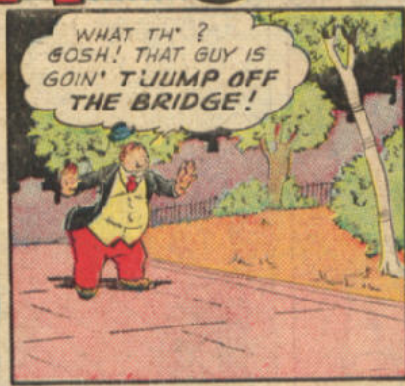


THINK WE'LL HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH JALNOR'S CREW HERE, MIKE?

NOPE..FROM HERE IN THEY'LL BE SO GOOD THAT THIS OLD TUB MIGHT LEAVE TH' WATER AND SAIL RIGHT TO HEAVEN!

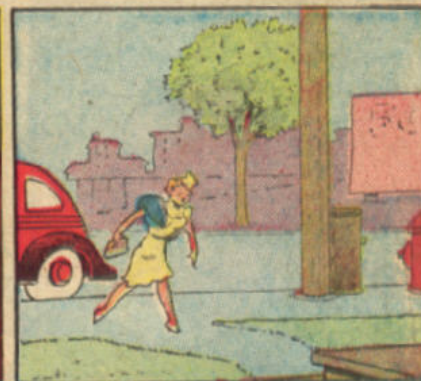
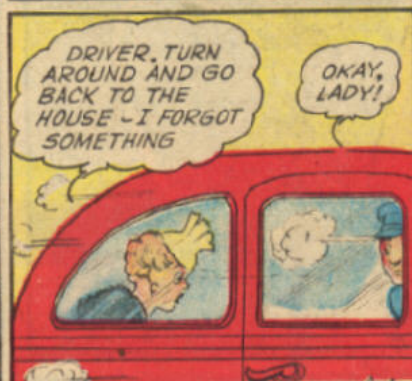
NEXT MONTH DUSTY AND MIKE HAVE THE MOST EXCITING TIME OF THEIR CAREER..

LALA PALOZA





LALA PALOOZA



More of Lala Palooza in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale March 26th.

by
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

Captain BRUCE
BLACKBURN
COUNTERSPY
the BOOMERANG BLAST

CAPT. BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, IS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE BAND, AN ANTI-AMERICAN GROUP AND AS A MEMBER HE GETS MUCH INFORMATION WHEN BRUCE GOES INTO ACTION. HIS DOUBLE, JACKSON, TAKES HIS PLACE.

PINCHELL SAYS HE'S HEARD OF A PLOT TO **BLOW UP THE PANAMA CANAL!**



HOW THIS PINCHELL LEARNS, I DO NOT KNOW, BUT HE IS RIGHT!



AND WITH THESE **YANKEES' OWN EXPLOSIVES**, WE WILL DO IT! YES!



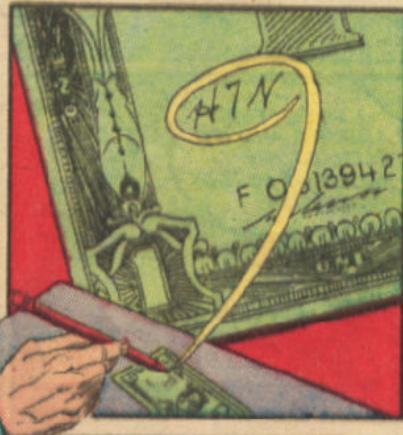
LATER, AS BRUCE LEAVES THE BAND CAMP TO SWITCH PLACES WITH HIS DOUBLE:

BLACK, I AM TO GO WITH YOU! NO LONGER MAY WE LEAVE ALONE! IT IS ORDERED!



BACK IN BRUCE'S ROOM.

GOOD THING I FORESAW THIS! PLAN "H" SHOULD DO IT!



I FORGOT MY MONEY, GROSS! LET'S GO!



GIVE ME A PRESS!

HERE IT IS!



THE NEWSVENDOR IS ONE OF BRUCE'S AGENTS — SERGEANT GURK.

H7N, EH? I'LL PHONE THIS TO LIEUTENANT JACKSON.



IN JACKSON'S HOTEL ROOM.

H7N MEANS "PLAN H..SWITCH WITH BRUCE AT 7 TONIGHT" I'LL BE THERE!



FOLLOWING PLAN THAT NIGHT, JACKSON, IN BAND UNIFORM, SITS BEHIND A COLUMN IN HIS HOTEL LOBBY!

IT'S ALMOST 7. BRUCE SHOULD BE HERE!



AND OUTSIDE THE HOTEL -

I NEED CIGARETTES. I'LL GET SOME IN **THIS HOTEL**, GROSS.

I'LL GO IN WITH YOU!



INSIDE THE HOTEL GURK WAITS.

HERE COMES BRUCE!



AND AS PART OF THE PLAN, BUMPS INTO GROSS!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, YOU BIG BUM?



SO! I'M A BUM, YOU-YOU-

AND WHAT'S THAT FUNNY SUIT YOU'RE WEARIN', FATTY?



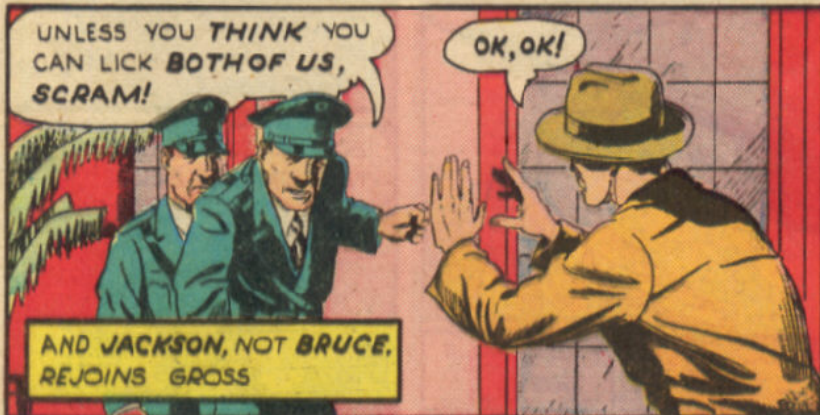
MEANWHILE, DURING THE EXCITEMENT -

JACKSON! TAKE MY PLACE, QUICK!



UNLESS YOU **THINK** YOU CAN LICK **BOTH OF US**, SCRAM!

OK, OK!



AND JACKSON, NOT BRUCE, REJOINS GROSS

AN HOUR LATER BRUCE IS ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON.



3 HOURS LATER, THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, COL JORDAN

SO **YOU'VE** HEARD RUMORS OF AN ATTEMPT ON THE CANAL, TOO, BRUCE!

MORE THAN RUMORS, COLONEL!



THEY ARE PLANNING TO USE **OUR EXPLOSIVES** TO DO THE JOB!

NONSENSE! THERE'S VERY **LITTLE** IN THE WAY OF EXPLOSIVES AT THE CANAL NOW!



IN FACT, UNTIL THE ALTON, OUR AMMUNITION SHIP GETS THERE TOMORROW NOON -

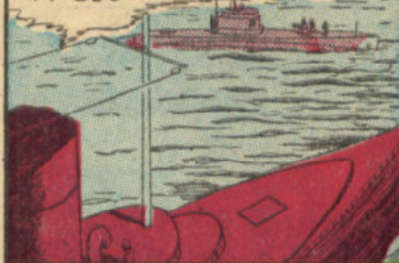
GREAT GUNS, THAT'S PROBABLY **IT!** COME ON, COLONEL!



MEANWHILE, AT THE AMMUNITION SHIP, THE ALTON.



SSS - SSS - SSS - POSITION
14 DEG-

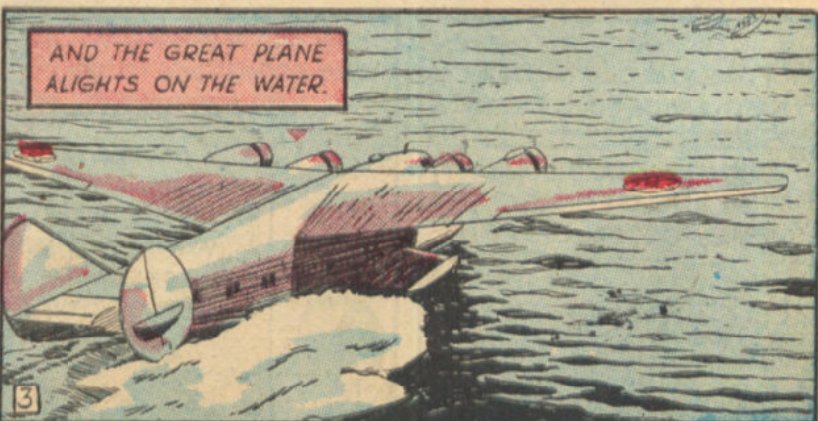
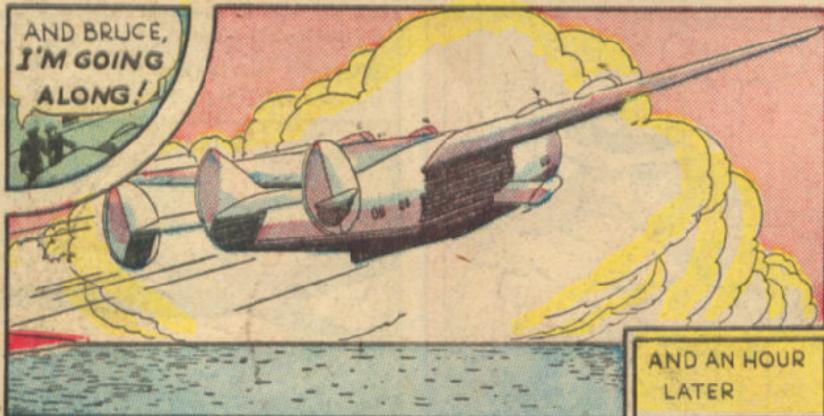
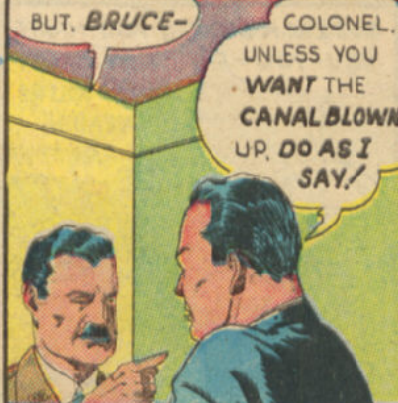
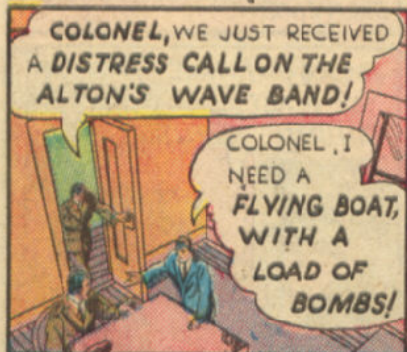


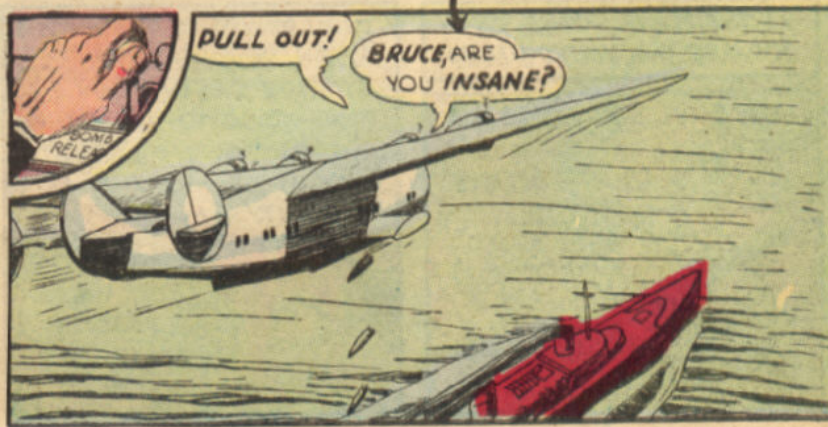
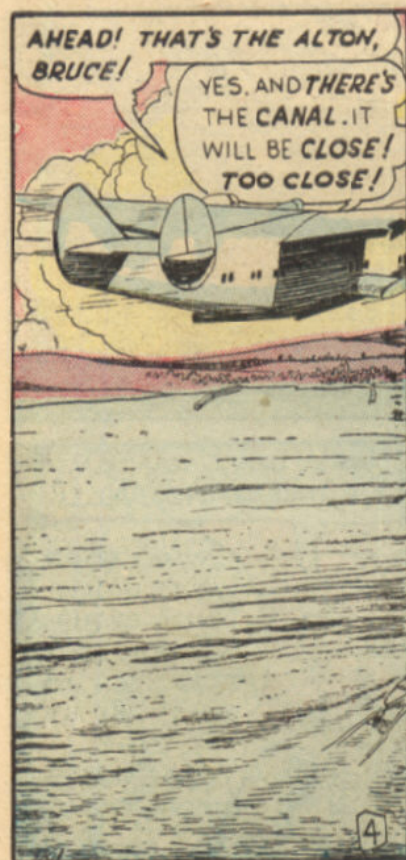
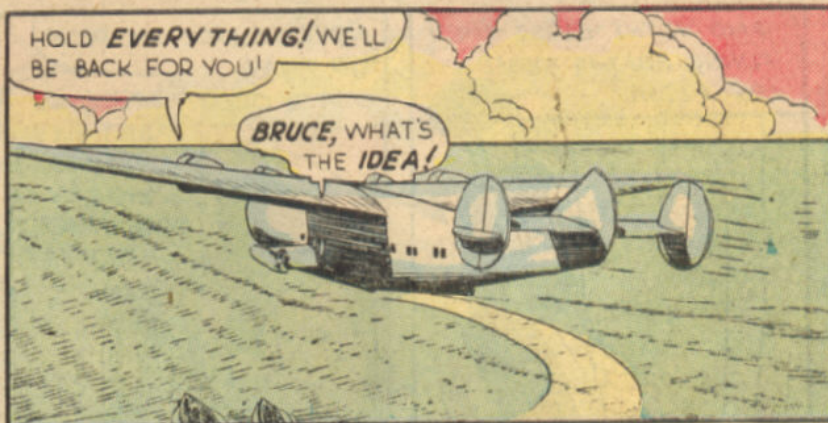
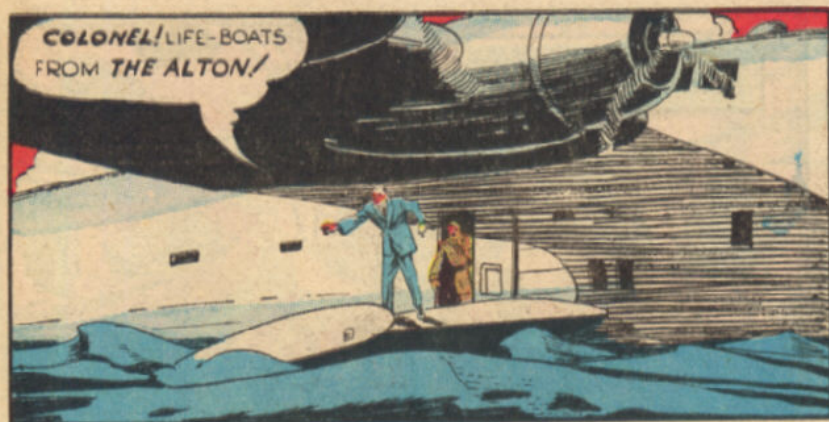
EDITOR'S NOTE: SSS IS THE
SUBMARINE ATTACK DISTRESS CALL.

AERIAL WRECKED, THE CALL
FOR HELP ENDS ABRUPTLY.



AND BACK IN WASHINGTON



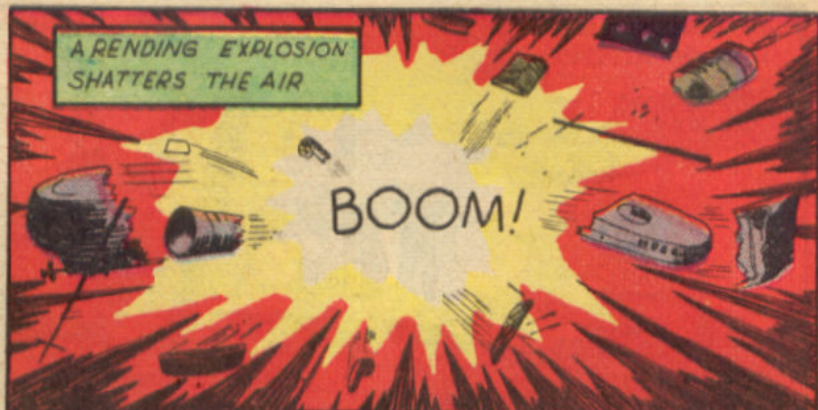


BRUCE, ARE YOU INSANE?

THE BOMBS HURTLE TOWARD THE ALTON, THEIR TARGET!



A RENDING EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE AIR



AND IN THE BLAST THE FLYING BOAT IS TOSSED LIKE A LEAF.



NOW, GO BACK AND PICK UP THAT BOAT'S CREW!



BRUCE, YOU JUST BLEW UP \$5,000,000 WORTH OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY!

YOUR EXPLANATION HAD BETTER BE GOOD!



IT IS—I HOPE!

THE CREW IS TAKEN ABOARD FROM THE LIFE-BOATS!



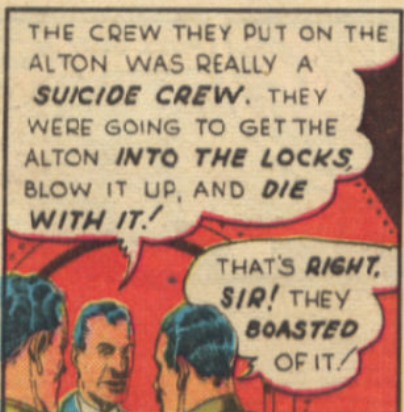
AS THE PLANE ROARS ON TOWARD THE UNITED STATES



HERE'S THE STORY, COLONEL! THE ALTON'S CAPTAIN WILL BEAR ME OUT IN IT, I BELIEVE.

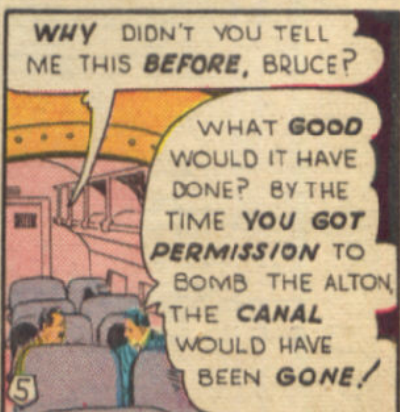
GO AHEAD, BRUCE

THE CREW THEY PUT ON THE ALTON WAS REALLY A SUICIDE CREW. THEY WERE GOING TO GET THE ALTON INTO THE LOCKS, BLOW IT UP, AND DIE WITH IT!



THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! THEY BOASTED OF IT!

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THIS BEFORE, BRUCE?



WHAT GOOD WOULD IT HAVE DONE? BY THE TIME YOU GOT PERMISSION TO BOMB THE ALTON, THE CANAL WOULD HAVE BEEN GONE!



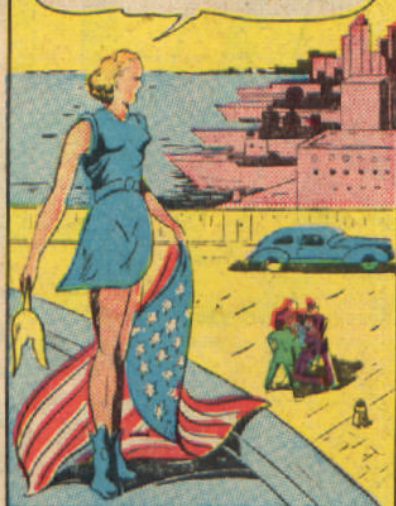
AS PART OF A DEAL BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND, SOME OF THE 50 DESTROYERS ARE STEAMING TOWARD CANADA.



ALWAYS ON THE ALERT,
USA ROAMS THE SKY.



MY FLAG DROOPS.
DANGER IS NEAR!



IT'S A NAVY
OFFICER IN
TROUBLE!

LET'S GET
HIM INTO
THE CAR,
QUICKLY!



FASTER THAN A THOUGHT, USA
DESCENDS UPON THE ABDUCTORS.



IT'S USA!
WE CAN'T
FIGHT HER.
LET'S BEAT
IT!

AND
FAST!

ARE YOU
ALRIGHT,
LIEUTENANT?

USA AND
THE FLAG—
THANK
HEAVENS!



THOSE MEN ARE
SPIES THEY
WORK ON OUR
DESTROYERS.

YOU SHOULD
NOTIFY THE
DIES INVE-
STIGATING
COMMITTEE



GEERING, THE LEADER OF THE
SPY RING, LEARNS OF THE
FAILURE OF HIS HENCHMEN.



THOSE FOOLS!
I MUST ACT
QUICKLY!

MARTIN WILL NOT DARE
TO TESTIFY. MY
SCHEME WILL STOP HIM!



AND LATER, NEAR LIEUT
MARTIN'S HOME...



YOUR METHODS
ARE CRUDE,
GEERING.

BUT
VERY
EFFECTIVE.
HANS—VERY
EFFECTIVE



AT GEERING'S HEADQUARTERS



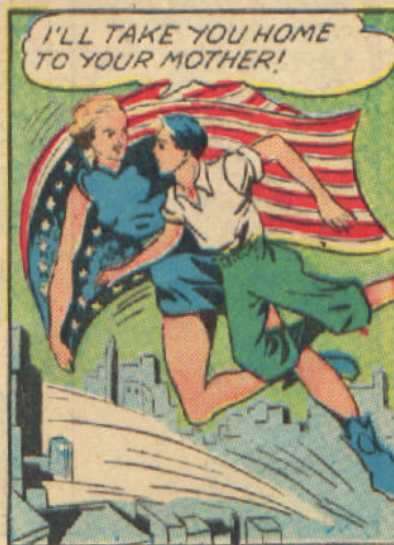
IN A FLASH THE OLD LADY SHEDS HER DISGUISE.



THE COWARDLY GEERING POINTS HIS GUN AT THE BOY



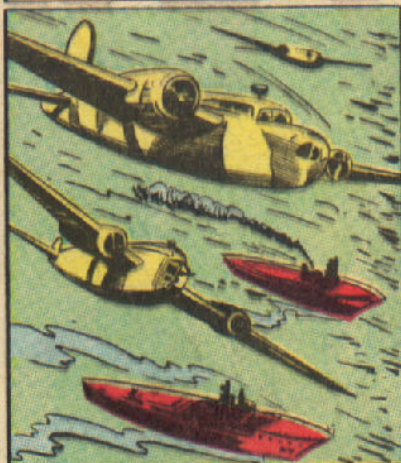
BUT USA'S TORCH OF LIBERTY DOES ITS WORK AND THE GUN BREAKS INTO PIECES.



STEADILY THE DESTROYERS
STEAM TOWARD THEIR GOAL.



GEERING AND HIS BOMBERS
FOLLOW CLOSELY OVERHEAD..



WE'RE OUT OF THE
AMERICAN ZONE-
PREPARE FOR THE
ATTACK, MEN!

BUT HIGH IN THE SKY... A
SHADOW FORMS ON THE LOFTY
CLOUDS.. THE SHADOW OF USA.



AMERICA'S PLEDGE
SHALL NOT BE
BROKEN - THE
SHIPS WILL REACH
THEIR PORT!

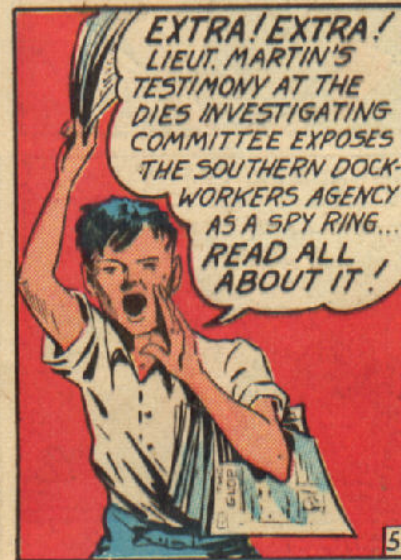


OUR ENEMIES
WILL PERISH...
FREEDOM
SHALL
ALWAYS
RULE!

USA'S TORCH
DOES ITS
DEADLY
WORK....



ONLY OUR
PLANES SHALL
FLY OVER OUR
SHIPS!



EXTRA! EXTRA!
LIEUT. MARTIN'S
TESTIMONY AT THE
DIES INVESTIGATING
COMMITTEE EXPOSES
THE SOUTHERN DOCK-
WORKERS AGENCY
AS A SPY RING...
READ ALL
ABOUT IT!

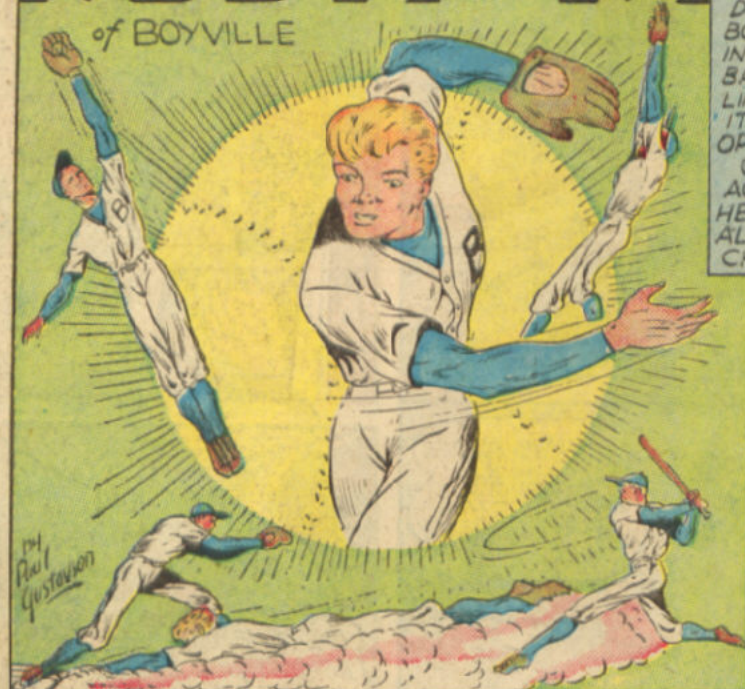


IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT...
OUR PRESIDENT IS
STILL WORKING...
ALL IS
WELL!

SEE USA IN A THRILLING
ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

Follow USA, The Spirit of Old Glory, in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

RUSTY RYAN



SPRING
DRAWS
BOYVILLE
INTO THE
BASEBALL
LIMELIGHT.
IT'S THE
OPENING
GAME
AGAINST
HEMPSTED
ALL-STATE
CHAMPS!

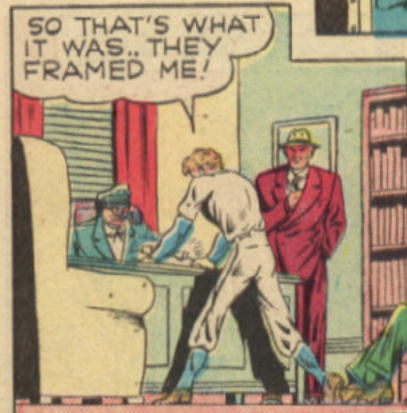
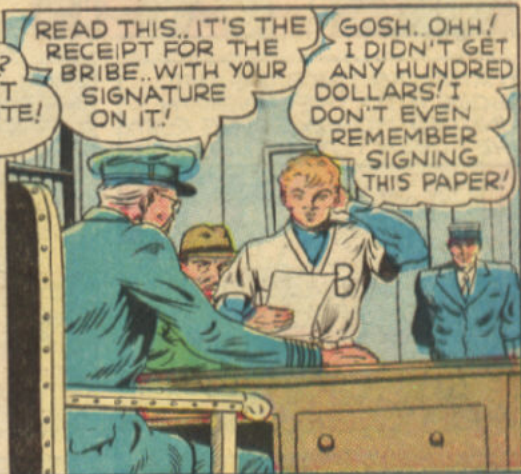
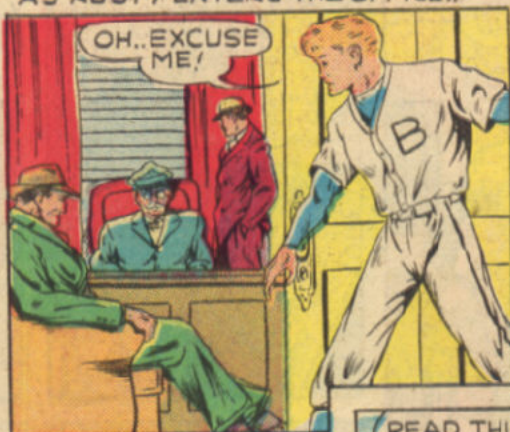


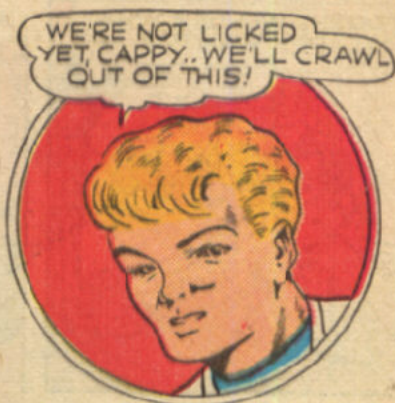
A SHORT TIME LATER..



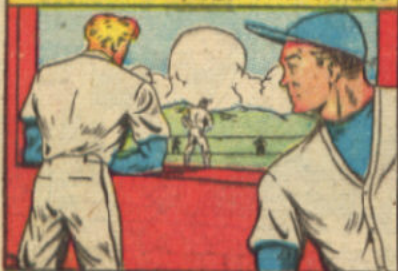


AS RUSTY ENTERS THE OFFICE..





LATER..AS THE BIG GAME GOES INTO THE SEVENTH INNING, WORRY GRIPS RUSTY. HE DOESN'T TELL THE OTHERS



SOMETHING'S BOTHERING YOU, RUSTY..YOU CAN'T KID US! YOU'RE PITCHING WAY OFF FORM!



I'VE BEEN FRAMED INTO THROWING THIS GAME! WHAT? HUH? YOU'RE JOKIN'!



RUSTY TELLS HIS TEAMMATES THE STORY..



WITH A START RUSTY ADDRESSES THE BOYS..



THE BIRDS THAT FRAMED ME ARE OVER THERE IN BOX SEATS..NOW LISSEN..



AS THE BOYVILLE TEAM AGAIN TAKES THE FIELD, RUSTY'S PLAN IS SPREAD AMONG HEMPSTED PLAYERS, TOO..

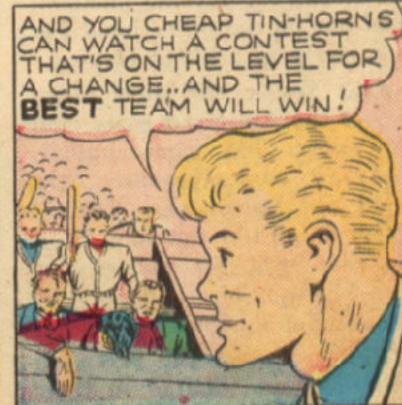
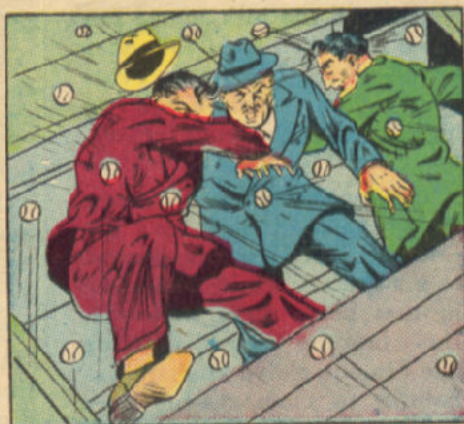
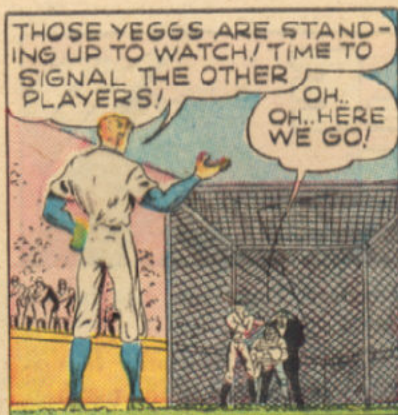


HA..GUESS WE SCARED THOSE LIL' PETS INTO "GOIN' INTO TH' TANK", EH, ROY?



..ALL IT COST US WAS A HUNDRED BUCKS..AN'WE'LL CLEAN UP A COUPLE GRAND IN BETS!





JUNGLE DEVIL

BY ROBERT HYATT



"There shall be evil come of this hunt," said Gamba, the old *havildar*, or beater.

To at least three people seated on the verandah of that jungle bungalow, the head beater's words fell like a bomb. Those three looked at the brown Nepalese in startled amazement.

Old Colonel Riggs-Stratton shoved his pith helmet back and regarded his majordomo of the hunt critically.

"Gamba, when you say that, it means something," he stated. "What, exactly?"

Gamba shook his head. "I only feel it."

Llewellyn Scott was fresh from America and this was to be his first tiger hunt. "Hey, what is this, Colonel?" he demanded. "We came out here to pot a 'stripe' or two. What—"

"Nothing to feel any alarm about, Lew," the colonel hastily interposed. "Only I've lived here long enough, and known Gamba long enough to not underestimate his—uh—premonitions, if you care to call them that."

Perry Scott said, glancing at his uncle, "I've never gone in too strong for psychic phenomena, but on the other hand I'm not averse to a bit of caution."

Lige Brock, the third member of the American party, and an expert big game hunter, snorted contemptuously. "In good old Bostonese—bunk!" Perry didn't like the man. "You let that stuff get under your skin," he went on, "and you'll be shooting at shadows."

The group on the verandah broke up and drifted to their

quarters. Tomorrow was the big day . . .

Col. Riggs-Stratton's bungalow was situated in the north of Bahraich on the borders of Nepal, and the lush jungle ran down unbroken from the outer fringes of the Himalayas. From here, the party started, the two huge Burmah elephants leading, the bearers strung out behind.

The beaters suddenly swung off on another track and the colonel waved encouragement to his shikari. There were deer in that beat; there were pig. But when the beaters, shouting like demons, closed in, there was nothing to shoot at—the tiger had not lain up near the kill.

The day wore on and no luck. There simply were no tigers in the vicinity. Yet fresh "sign" had been reported by several trackers the day previous.

Early evening found the party ten miles from headquarters.



"Might as well put up here," the colonel suggested. "Take us two hours to get to the bungalow, and I for one am tuckered out."

"Suits me," acquiesced Llewellyn Scott. The others voiced their willingness to remain the night. Accordingly, a thorn

boma was hastily erected by the beaters, to keep marauding beasts from prowling too near when the fire burned out. Native beaters cannot be trusted to keep a fire going throughout the night.

A quick meal, and the party turned in. That is, all of them did except Perry Scott. He sought out old Gamba, where he squatted before a small fire inside a second boma the beaters had thrown up for their own protection.

Perry offered Gamba a cigarette. He'd brought along several packs to give to the beaters. "Thank you," said Gamba in his halting English. He lit up with a blazing sliver from the fire and puffed contentedly for a moment.

"Think we'll have any luck tomorrow?" Perry asked.

Gamba's coppery features, red tinged in the reflected firelight, didn't change. "No. There will be no tiger. There will be—evil!"

"What evil, Gamba?"

"How can one foretell these things, sahib?"

"You read this in the stars, a vision—"

"I cannot explain," Gamba said quickly. "I only know that evil will come of this hunt . . . but nobody will die." That last statement, or amendment, startled Perry somewhat. It was the answer to an unasked question; it relieved him considerably. He leaned back against a packing case.

A troop of hill apes went chattering through the trees. A peacock, disturbed in his slumbers, gave vent to a shrill scream of annoyance. Pigs grunted a hundred yards off in the darkness. Then silence fell again, the silence of the jungle asleep.

At dawn the party moved off through the dripping jungle. This was their last beat. If they

didn't put up a tiger today, the hunt would end unsuccessfully. Old Gamba's prediction of evil had caused uneasiness among the beaters. The shikari reported that they would rebel if forced farther into the bush.

Perry left the main party toward noon and chose a huge tree for a post. He'd determined to pot a stag, a panther, anything just to save the hunt from being a total washout. He hoped that his uncle would have some luck. He had come all the way from America to get in a little shooting; and old Col. Riggs-Stratton had promised excellent tiger hunting in his beloved north India retreat.

Perry climbed the big tree and found a comfortable limb fifteen feet above the ground. The sound of the beat, up ahead, gradually diminished. A half hour passed. Perry spent it fighting off a swarm of voracious mosquitoes. Then a stag with a fair head broke into view. Perry brought his rifle up, but a vine caught the trigger guard. The gun slipped from his hands and fell to the ground.

Just as the stag crashed into the thicket across the little clearing, Lige Brock came into view on the other side and took a snap shot at the fleeing beast. The stag gave a great bound, but went on with a tremendous crashing.

"Got him!" exulted Brock, levering the action of his weapon. Then he plunged after his quarry. Perry called to him, but the game hunter evidently didn't hear him. Brock had disappeared by the time Perry had slipped to the ground.

Perry examined his rifle for possible damage and was in the act of firing a test shot, when a panther broke cover. The beat was returning. Perry heard it as he took off after the tawny cat. A panther was better than nothing at all!

The big cat treed a hundred yards away. But he elected to go high, and the thick tangle of branches entirely hid him from view.

The shikari's yelp drifted to Perry, then three shots roared out. Had they put up a tiger? If so, this was no place to be, reasoned Perry. He jumped behind the thick bole of the tree and waited. It was then he saw the stag. It came bounding along a trail twenty yards off. And after it came Lige Brock. It was the same stag, and it was wounded.

"Now what the heck made that beast turn and come back here?" Perry asked himself.

Since no tiger had as yet shown himself, and the beat was



still some distance off, Perry decided to follow Lige. The noise of the man's progress through the jungle made his trail easy to follow. The stag too was making a tremendous crashing sound up ahead. Lige had been unable to get in a telling shot evidently.

One of the elephants trumpeted behind him and the shikari shouted to his men. Tiger, this time! Well, let him come. This hunt was turning out to be an afternoon tea!

Perry came upon Lige suddenly standing under an enormous tree in a small clearing.

The man was pumping shots at something invisible. Perry was about to shout at the hunter when an involuntary cry burst from his lips. He brought his gun up and began firing into the tree above Lige's head.

Llewellyn Scott and the colonel broke into the clearing just then.

"Hi!" shouted the colonel. "What the devil are you about?" He ran up to Perry and knocked his gun off aim. "What's this—you trying to kill the man?" he demanded of Perry.

"Trying to save his life," answered Perry. "Take a look, Colonel!"

A great *shape* crashed down from the branches of the tree and fell upon Lige Brock. With the speed of light the thing encircled him in giant, constricting folds. Lige shrieked. Then the horrible creature fell away, lashing its enormous body for a moment, then suddenly became still.

Gamba came out of the jungle and pointed at the dead snake. "It is the evil of which I spoke," he said quietly. "The devil of the jungle. Even tigers keep away from him."

Col. Riggs-Stratton nodded his head several times and mopped the perspiration from his brow.

"Whew! He's a monster. Biggest python I ever saw in these quarters!"

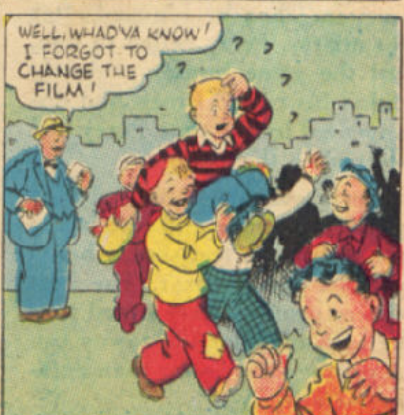
Lige Brock regained the wind that had been driven from his body and got to his feet. He looked sheepish, but he stuck out a hand to Perry.

"Thanks, old man. You kept Gamba's 'evil' from becoming fatal... guess I was shooting at shadows."

ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT THRILLER
Water for the King
IN THE MAY ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS
ON SALE MARCH 26TH

HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

by ARTHUR BEEMAN



Order the May issue of FEATURE COMICS from your regular newsdealer now.

ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE

By
Noel
Fowler



MURDERESS
ESCAPES
FROM PRISON!

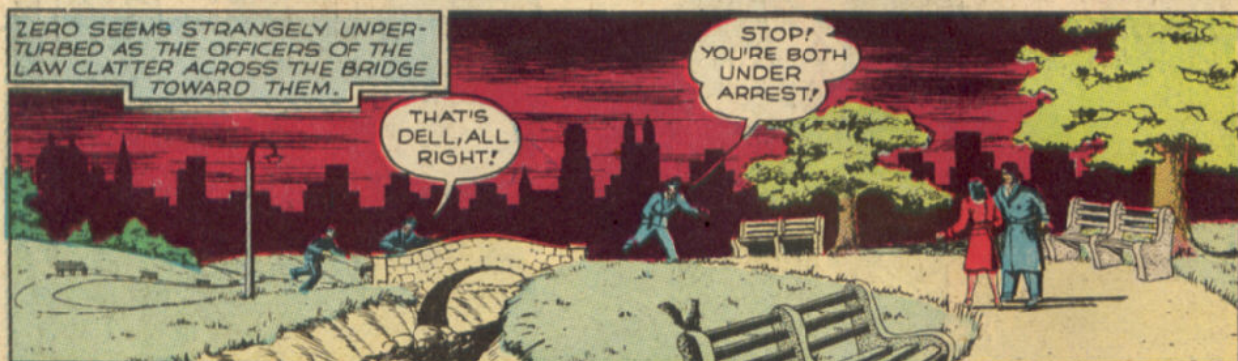


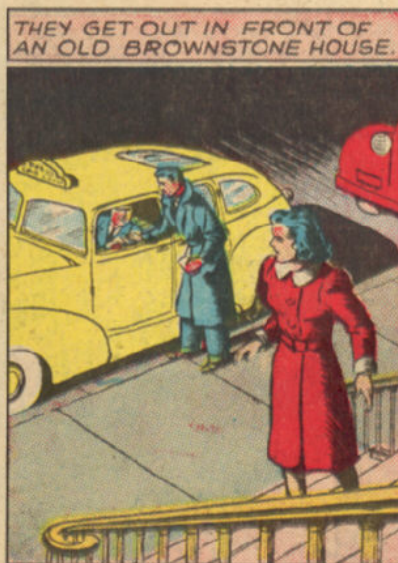
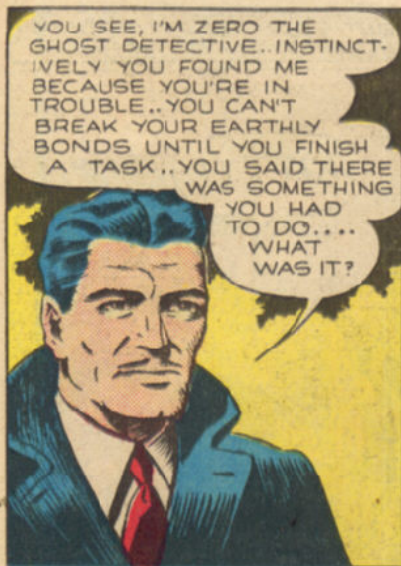
KITTY DELL
BREAKS FROM THE
WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY,
WHERE SHE WAS IMPRIS-
ONED FOR THE MURDER
OF HER HUSBAND. CITY
SPREADS DRAGNET





ZERO SEEMS STRANGELY UNPERTURBED AS THE OFFICERS OF THE LAW CLATTER ACROSS THE BRIDGE TOWARD THEM.





INSIDE IS THE SPIRIT OF THE
MAN SHE LOVES..... HER
HUSBAND.



AT FIRST KITTY AND ZERO SEE
NO ONE IN THE DARKENED
ROOM.



BUT SOON THE FIGURE OF HER
HUSBAND TAKES SHAPE



THE TWO GHOSTS LEAD ZERO
TO THE GANG'S
HIDE-OUT.



THEY WALK THROUGH DARK AND SILENT CORRIDORS IN THE CELLAR.



QUARRELSOME VOICES COME FROM THE FIRST FLOOR.



KITTY CONFRONTS THE MURDERERS.



LISTEN, GIRLIE, YOU AIN'T GOING TO LIVE TO TELL THAT! HEY! SHE'S NOT HERE!



YES SHE IS, AND SHE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! YOU'D BETTER CONFESS YOUR GUILT OR



ZERO INTERCEPTS A SHOT BY QUICK, DECISIVE ACTION...



MAYBE YOU REMEMBER ME? I HAPPEN TO BE THE GUY YOU KILLED, AND IF YOU DON'T CONFESS TO THE POLICE AND CLEAR MY WIFE'S NAME, YOU'LL HAVE TWO GHOSTS HAUNTING YOU AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!



COME ON, BOYS, WE'RE GOING DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS! I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL!



WITH THE CROOKS CONVICTED, KITTY AND HER HUSBAND ARE FREED FROM THEIR EARTHLY BONDS.



Another mysterious adventure of Zero, Ghost Detective, in the May issue.

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

LOOK, NIPPIE... THERE'S FAT
EMMA LEARNIN'
HOW TO SKATE!

BOY! WATCH
ME MAKE
HER DENT TH'
ICE!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

WE'RE GOIN' OVER TO TH' STEEP BLOOMER HILL FOR SOME REAL COASTIN'!

WILL YOU COME TOO, MICKEY?

I CAN'T, SONNY. I'VE BEEN ON DUTY ALL NIGHT!



BLOOMER HILL IS DANGEROUS, MICKEY. DO YOU THINK THEY SHOULD HAVE GONE OVER THERE?

SURE, MA. NO TRAFFIC IS ALLOWED ON THAT HILL AND BESIDES IT'LL KEE UNCLE PHIL AWAY FROM CLANCY'S



IS THIS BLOOMER HILL, UNCLE PHIL?

YUP, AND IT'S MY IDEA OF A HILL. YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE GO DOWN!



GEE... THEY GO DOWN AWFUL FAST. I'M AFRAID!

WITH ME STEERING YOU DON'T HAVE WORRY!



IS IT REALLY A MILE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM?

IT FEELS MORE LIKE TWENTY MILES!



AREN'T WE GOING DOWN RIGHT AWAY, UNCLE PHIL?

SURE! JUST (PUFF) LET ME (PUFF) CATCH MY BREATH!



HERE WE GO!



WE'RE ALMOST DOWN TO THE BOTTOM, UNCLE PHIL!



GLANCY'S

GOLLY.. I DIDN'T THINK WE'D COME DOWN THIS FAR!

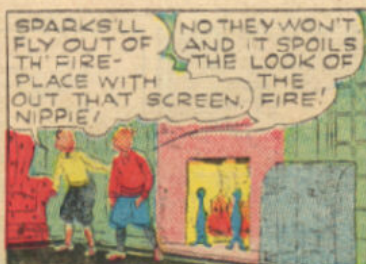
HMM! NEITHER DID I!



I THOUGHT YOUR UNCLE TOOK YOU OVER TO BLOOMER HILL?

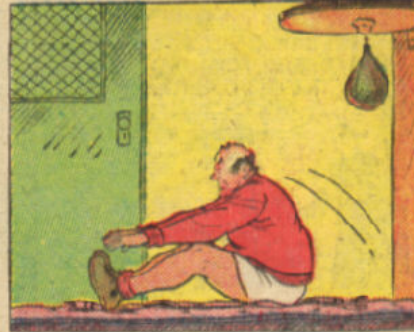
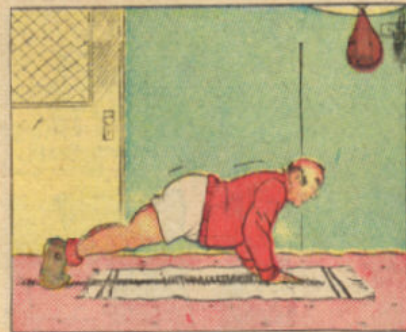
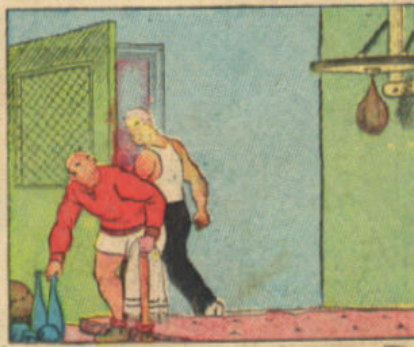
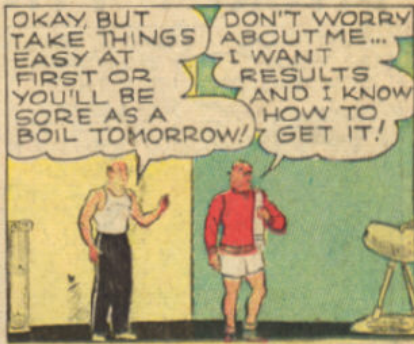
HE DECIDED IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

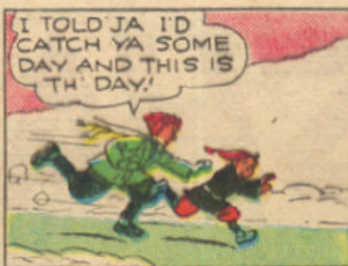
I'LL HIT THAT LIL' WISE GUY BETWEEN TH' EYES!



MICKEY FINN

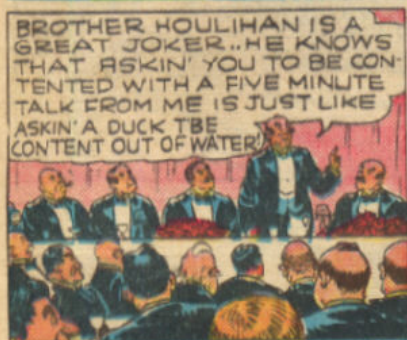
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



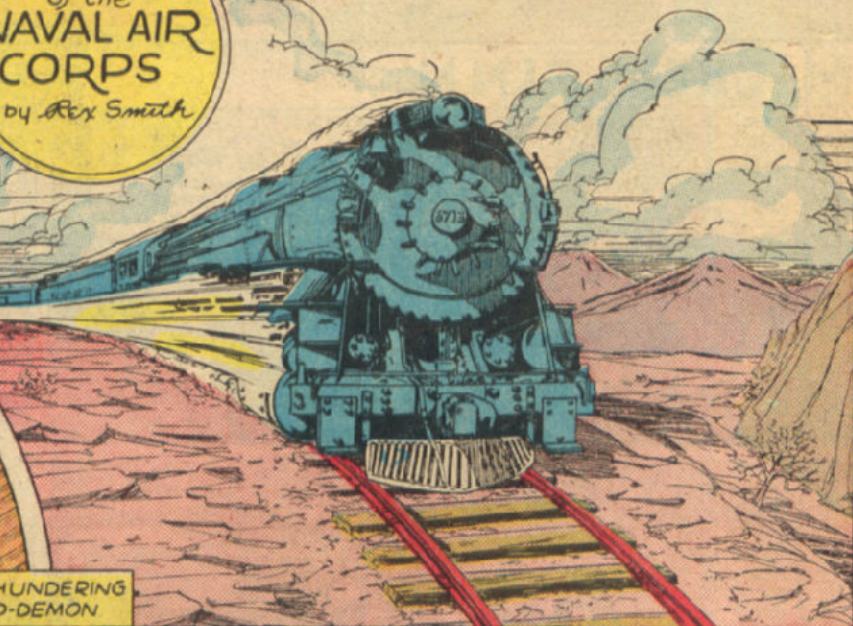
Follow Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

SPIN SHAW

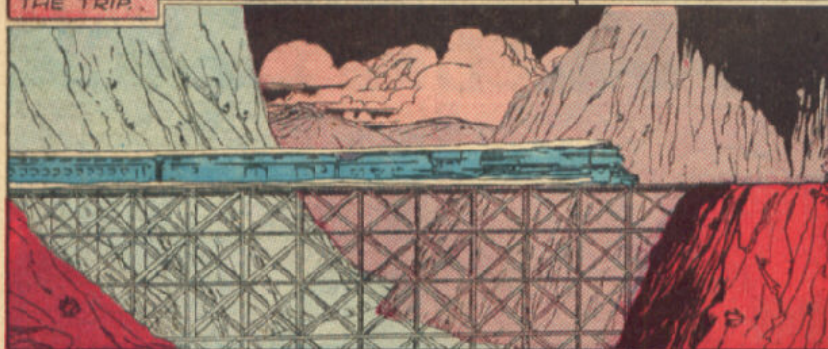
of the
NAVAL AIR
CORPS
by Rex Smith



ACROSS COUNTRY FROM OREGON TO WASHINGTON ROARS THE CRACK OVERLAND LIMITED. MILE AFTER MILE FLIES BY UNDER THE THUNDERING WHEELS OF THIS SUPER SPEED-DEMON



THE OVERLAND'S ROUTE FOLLOWS A HIGH TRESTLE BRIDGE THROUGH THE TOWERING CASCADE RANGE IT IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE TRIP.



CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW IN HIS PRIVATE CAR WORKS BUSILY OVER BLUEPRINTS.

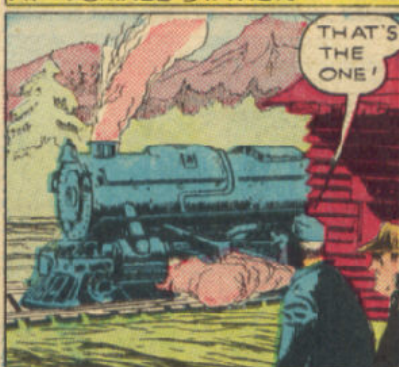


THIS TRIP TAKES FIVE DAYS I'LL HAVE ENOUGH TIME

THEY'LL BE READY FOR THE NAVY DEPARTMENT BY THE TIME I ARRIVE JUST A FEW MORE DETAILS



THE TRAIN PULLS TO A STOP AT A SMALL STATION



THAT'S THE ONE!

HURRY UP! WE GOTTA UNCOUPLE THIS CAR BEFORE THEY ALL START MOVIN'



AFTER PICKING UP PASSENGERS, THE OVERLAND LIMITED PREPARES TO LEAVE.



SPIN, OVERENGROSSED IN HIS WORK, DOES NOT NOTICE THAT HE IS LEFT BEHIND IN THE DETACHED COACH.



NOR DOES HE FEEL THE DIFFERENCE WHEN ANOTHER LOCOMOTIVE HITCHES ON TO HIS CAR.



THE LINE OF CARS PICKS UP SPEED. IT HEADS TOWARD THE HEART OF THE CASCADES.



MEANWHILE, IN THE ONLY OTHER COACH.

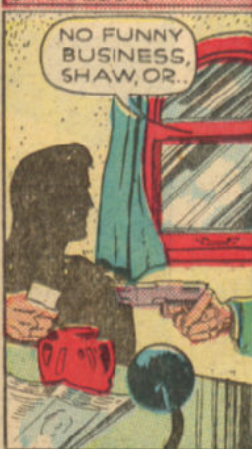


C'MON! WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR? NAVY MEN AIN'T SO TOUGH! SLUG HIM NOW AND GET THOSE PLANS!

SLUGGING HIM IS NO GOOD... THE PLANS AREN'T FINISHED YET, AND HE'S MORE VALUABLE ALIVE!

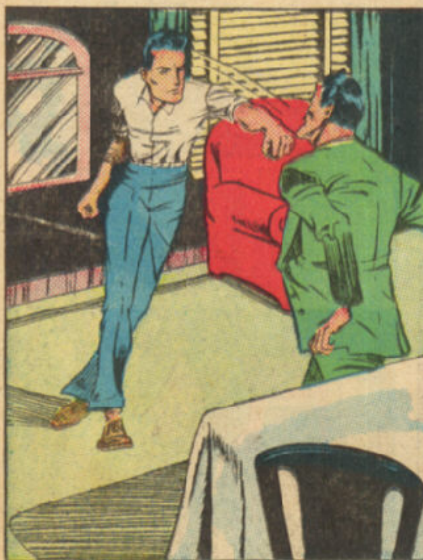


QUIETLY A PISTOL BARREL IS PRESSED AGAINST SPIN'S SHOULDER.



NO FUNNY BUSINESS, SHAW, OR...

OR WHAT, BUDDY?



NOW YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT GAME YOU'RE PLAYING!



SO, YOU WON'T TALK, EHP?



STOP THIS, CAPTAIN SHAW! YOU HAVE ALREADY DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE TRAIN RUMBLES TO A STOP AT A DESERTED ROUNHOUSE . . .



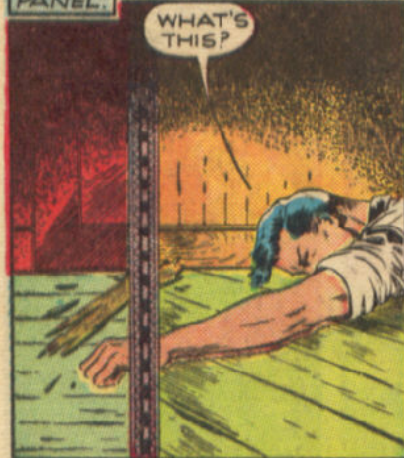
SPIN IS LOCKED IN A SMALL SHACK. FOR THREE DAYS HE SEES NO ONE.. THEN.



ANGRILY HIS CAPTOR STUNS SHAW WITH THE BUTT END OF HIS REVOLVER.



SPIN FEIGNS UNCONSCIOUSNESS AS HE FALLS. HIS HAND CRASHES THROUGH A LOOSE WALL PANEL.



THE WHOLE WALL'S TOTTERING! I CAN GET OUT IN A MINUTE!



BUT I WON'T! I'LL STICK AROUND TO MEET THE BIG BOSS!



THE DRONE OF HEAVY MOTORS FILLS THE AIR.. A PLANE HEADS FOR A MAKESHIFT LANDING FIELD NEARBY..



THE BOSS, IN FLYING GARB, ENTERS.. PILOT, EH? AND YOU'RE STUBBORN, TOO!



COME ON IN, BIG BOSS! I'VE BEEN WAITING TO MEET YOU!



QUICKLY REGAINING HIS FEET, THE BOSS SPRINGS VICIOUSLY FOR SPIN.





SHOVED OVER BACKWARDS, THE BOSS BANGS HIS HEAD AGAINST A TABLE.



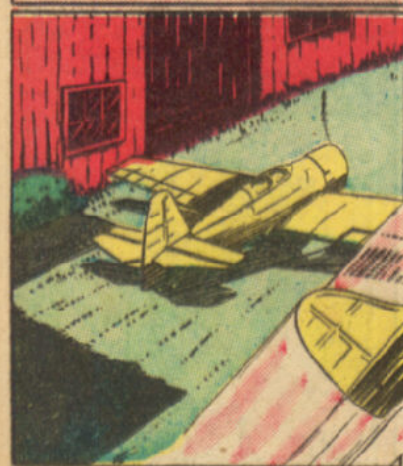
NOW I'LL HAVE TO DRAG HIM TO A PLANE... HOPE HE HAS FUEL ENOUGH.



GOOD I BROKE IN THIS WALL... I CAN GET RIGHT TO THE AIRFIELD FROM HERE!



HALF DRAGGING, HALF CARRYING HIS BURDEN, SPIN REACHES A NEAT LITTLE SHIP. HE GUNS THE MOTOR FOR A TAKE-OFF...



EASY FLIER, THIS SHIP... I MUST SAY HE CAN PICK A GOOD PLANE!



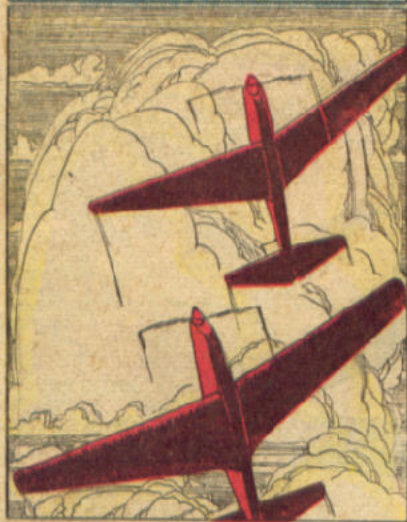
BUT GUARDS ARE DRAWN TO THE SCENE...



IMMEDIATELY, TWO PURSUIT SHIPS PREPARE TO FOLLOW SPIN...



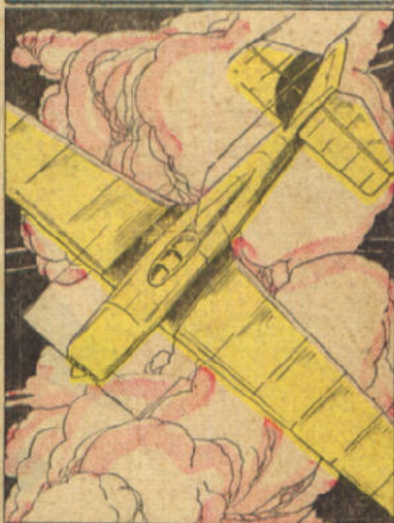
AT FULL SPEED THE PURSUING SHIPS TAIL AFTER SPIN.



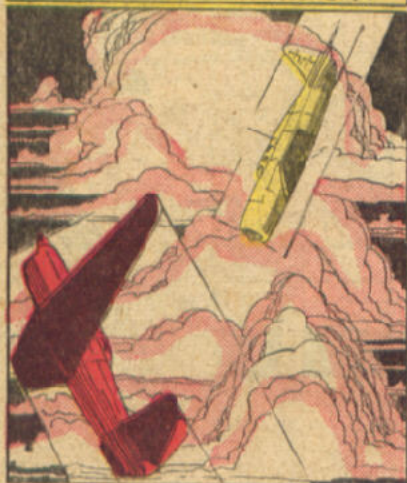
BUT HE SPOTS THEM...



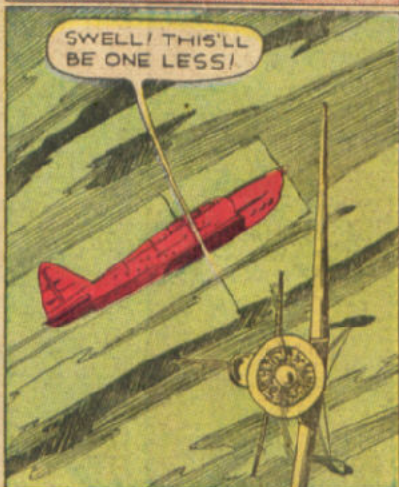
TAKING THE INITIATIVE, SPIN PULLS INTO A FAST DIVE...



JUST IN TIME TO INTERCEPT THE FIRST PURSUER COMING UP.



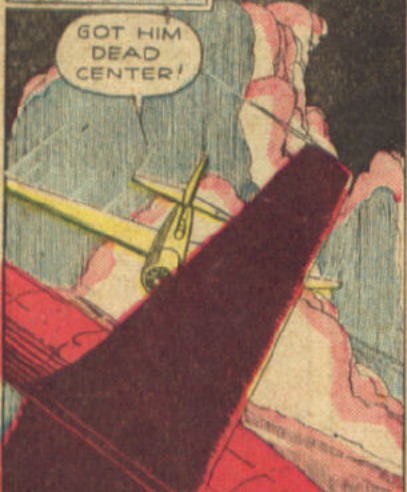
HIS MACHINE GUN SPITS A STEADY HAIL OF LEAD.



THE SHIP CAREENS DIZZILY, BURSTING INTO FLAMES, IT CRASHES.



WITH A QUICK MANEUVER SPIN SHAW REVERSES THEIR POSITIONS.



MEANWHILE THE LEADER OF THE GANG "COMES TO."



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3 CHEERS FOR PATSY



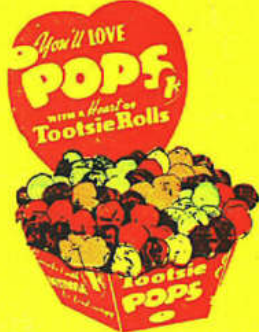
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SWELL—
EACH WITH
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